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ENGLAND REVIEWS LANSING'S BOOK

THE English reviews of Mr. Lansing's *The Peace Negotiations* for the most part summarize the contents with a modicum of approving comment. The *Outlook* observes that 'without Wilson to mislead and befool liberal opinion everywhere until it was too late to act, the Versailles Treaty would never have been accepted by England,' and regards Mr. Lansing's contribution to history as 'the most important though not the most sensational' yet made to the story of the Peace Conference. The *Spectator* considers the book notable for two things: its picture of President Wilson, 'of the most amazing kind,' and the dire consequences when the 'interests of a great nation, nay of all nations, are reposed in the hands of a man who has the temperament not of a statesman, but of a highly strung man of letters, possessed of the academic type of mind — a man who does not know how to act with or even to confer with others; who resents advice unless it is sympathetic or even adulatory; who regards opposition not merely as an insult, but as a personal wound.' It compares Wilson with George Meredith's egoist, Sir Willoughby Patterne. John Murray, who reviews the book in the Sunday *Times*, thinks that it proves that though Mr. Wilson may have been an idealist 'he was at best a most inconsistent idealist. Obsessed throughout by the notion that he was the predestined mediator and peacemaker of the world, Mr. Wilson was never able to descend from the clouds.' Another review, in the *Times Literary Supplement*, says that the book, 'which is a remarkable revelation of character, shows him (Mr. Lansing), with all the qualities of a lawyer. As a critic he would have been invaluable; and nothing can demonstrate better the intellectual, and, let us confess, the moral weaknesses of the President, than that he did not welcome the opportunity of submitting his projects to a man from whom he would have gained the invaluable profit of the most candid and relentless criticism. But granting this, we can but feel that Mr. Lansing must in any circumstances have been a difficult colleague. His strength lay clearly in criticism more than in political suggestion.' This reviewer further observes that the European powers were naturally influenced 'by sordid, selfish and material interests. . . . The case against Mr. Wilson, and it is one which Mr. Lansing puts with unanswerable force, is that being in a position of peculiar advantage, in that in fact America had few interests in the peace settlement, he entirely failed to use his position, as he

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well might have done and as his European colleagues hoped that he might do, as a wise, statesmanlike and far-seeing arbiter.' The liberal *Westminster Gazette* comments that it is necessary to hear Mr. Wilson's side of the matter before forming a final judgment; and it criticizes the American constitutional practice which permits a man to remain in the Cabinet after his opinions have come to differ from those of his chief, observing that the President's policy 'could not have a fair chance if among his advisers were men who differed fundamentally from his ideas. . . . It seems to us that Mr. Wilson made a mistake in taking Mr. Lansing with him to Paris, and that Mr. Lansing made a mistake in consenting to go, and that this book is as much a reflection upon the Secretary as upon the President.'

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LEAGUE OF NATIONS SALARIES

In the issue of the *Living Age* of April 9, we published a statement of League of Nations salaries taken from two European sources, both of which suggested, though they did not explicitly state, that these salaries were in gold. Inasmuch as the League of Nations budget was originally in pounds sterling and is now figured in gold francs, we felt safe in making this assumption. Later information shows that these figures are wrong. The correct salaries, as given us by the League of Nations News Bureau in New York City, are: —

The salary of the Secretary-General is $19,200 per year, counting the pound or the gold franc at normal exchange rates. He is assisted by three Under-Secretaries who draw annual salaries of $14,400; by eight Directors of Sections drawing annual salaries ranging from $9,600 to $12,000; by thirty Assistant Directors and 'Members of Sections' whose annual salaries range from $2,880 to $9,600; and by five heads of special services drawing an annual salary of $4,800 each.

We may add that a report just received from the London Office, Information Section, of the League of Nations, gives the total budget of that organization as follows: —

First, or organization budget, 297,029 pounds sterling.
Second (1920), budget, 10,000,000 gold francs.
Third (1921), budget, 21,250,000 gold francs.

Not all of the levies upon the member states which make up the total budget have been paid, but of the forty-two states asked to contribute, nineteen have paid in full for 1920, ten have paid in part, and thirteen have not as yet contributed. Delays are due partly to the time required for necessary parliamentary action. Finland and Albania were among the first countries to meet in full their financial obligations to the League.

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ARGENTINA, THE LEAGUE AND THE TREATY

Felix Bagel, the Argentine correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, describes in a recent letter from Buenos Aires the tremendous welcome given by the populace to Honorio Pueyrredon, the chairman of the Argentine Delegation to the League of Nations Assembly, when he returned after announcing Argentina's withdrawal from that body. This was regarded as a demonstration of approval for the government, although a majority of the press opposes its attitude toward the League. According to this correspondent, President Irigoyen was the real author of the action taken at Geneva, and Argentina is no longer a member of the League. Furthermore, 'Argentina ignores the Versailles Treaty, as explicitly stated in

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an official note of the present Foreign Office.' This correspondent is careful to point out, however, that Argentina's League policy is in no wise inspired by friendliness for Germany. The President in a recent interview said: 'Argentine's joining the League was conditional upon the acceptance of the fundamental proposals presented by Dr. Pueyrredon at Geneva. The men in charge there treated our proposals as amendments to the League Covenant, while they were in reality the fundamental principles of the League. Amendments can be made only to a statute already in force, and the Argentine had no share in drafting the League Covenant'— and by implication was therefore not bound by it. The Argentine refuses to recognize the authority of the Versailles Treaty as affecting its relations with Germany. Replying to a joint note presented by the four Allied powers, calling its attention to Article 147 of that Treaty forbidding Germany to sell war materials to neutral governments, the Argentine government said: 'The provision quoted in your note has, so far as the Argentine government is concerned, the character of a *res inter alios acta*.' In other words, it does not bind the Argentine, which declares its intention of buying war materials where it pleases.

This situation receives added interest for us in view of a leader in *Le Temps* of April 16, discussing the situation created by a possible separate peace between the United States and Germany, in which that journal cites Clause 119 of the Treaty, by which Germany renounces title to its oversea possessions, and asks what would happen were Germany to cede certain of those territories to the United States by a separate peace. By implication, however, this goes further: for it at once raises the question how far the United States will recognize in its dealings with Germany the validity of any of Germany's treaty obligations under the Versailles instrument that may prove injurious to American interests. *Le Temps* suggests that the proper thing would be for the United States to negotiate these questions with the Entente, before negotiating them with Germany.

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DEAN INGE ON RACE SURVIVAL

An article by Dean Inge in *The Quarterly Review* has excited an unusual amount of comment. Its thesis is that 'under a régime of peace, free trade and unrestricted immigration, the colored races would outwork, underlive, and eventually exterminate the Whites.' The European, American, and Australian labor movement has produced a type of worker who has 'no survival value.' He must be protected from competition, and this protection rests, in the last resort, on armed force and war. 'The abolition of war and the establishment of a league to secure justice and equality of treatment for all nations would seal the doom of the white laborer.' It is a question, however, whether the migration of capital will not produce in the end the same effects as the free migration of races. 'Asia will be industrialized. India and China and Japan will be full of factories equipped with all the latest improvements and under skilled management, which, for a time, will be frequently White. Wealth will become so abundant in Asia that the Asiatic governments will be able without difficulty to maintain fleets and armies large enough to protect their own interest and to exact reparation for any transgression of international law by the Whites. . . . The policy of immigration exclusion will, therefore, become powerless.' Dean Inge predicts that the competition of the Orientals will force upon us a general simplifica-

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tion of life. Certainly a long step has been taken in the direction Dean Inge suggests during the recent war.

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EUROPE WANTS WAR IN THE PACIFIC

Yorodzu attributes the growing alienation between Japan and America in no small part to the efforts of other countries, which are either jealous because Japan and the United States emerged from the world-war more prosperous than ever, or because they have some special axe to grind. This paper accuses the Chinese and Koreans of spreading alarmist rumors and promoting friction between the two countries throughout the Far East. Midori Komatsu, editor of *Chugai Shinron*, writing from Berlin, asserts that a propaganda is now being carried on by some of the European countries to involve Japan in war with the United States. England would thereby be enabled 'to snatch the trade of the world from America'; France would take advantage of the situation to recover the wealth she lost in the world-war; and, 'the desire of the Germans to see war between Japan and America is intense, since they would be able to take the occasion to disturb relations between the Allies.' Furthermore, the Moscow government would regard such a war as almost a special dispensation of Providence in its favor.

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SCHOOL REFORM IN GERMANY

THE London *Observer* prints an interview with the Prussian Minister of Education describing some of the changes which have occurred in the German school system since the revolution. Until recently, wide caste differences existed between the Volks, or primary school teacher, and the master in a secondary school, or gymnasium, because the latter was required to have a higher academic and professional education. Poor parents could seldom provide such an education for their children. This resulted in the automatic selection of people of higher social rank as teachers in the upper schools. That has been done away with now, to a large extent, by the state's taking over the cost of training teachers of all classes. In the new schools, more attention is given to outdoor sports, compulsory religious instruction has been abolished, and considerable progress has been made toward removing social distinctions between different kinds of schools based on the old caste system.

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RECONSTRUCTION STATISTICS

IN connection with the statement in the German memorandum to Washington that France was purposely doing nothing to restore her devastated district, an official note has been delivered to the American government by the government at Paris, stating that repatriation to the war-swept region had restored the population to 4,100,000, compared with 4,700,000 in 1914; that 95 per cent of the arable land in those regions has been releveled, and 90 per cent is under crop. Practically all the railways have been rebuilt, and 50 per cent of the factories are again running. During the German occupation, 3256 communes either ceased to exist or had their government suspended. Of these 3216 have been restored. Nearly 294,000 houses were totally destroyed, and a somewhat large number partially destroyed during hostilities. Of these nearly 281,000 have been reported rebuilt, and about 132,000 provisional dwellings have been erected. At the same time the French General Confederation of Labor, whose representative recently made an extended examination

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of conditions on the spot, reports that these figures are 'illusions' and 'fantastic,' though no precise statistics had reached us from that side of the controversy to confirm this generalization.

Le Temps, quoting a report from the Minister of the liberated territories to the Chamber of Deputies, adds that 1,100,000 people are at present living in wooden barracks or partially repaired buildings. The coal mines which produced 18,500,000 tons of coal per annum before the war, are now producing 4,000,000 tons. The Minister defended his office against rumors of extravagance and corruption which have been current, pointing out that only 2 per cent of the amount of money expended by the government for reconstruction was absorbed by administrative expenses.

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MINOR NOTES

Novy Pout of February 21 gives Soviet statistics showing that the percentage of land in 32 Russian provinces owned by the peasants increased from 76 per cent in 1905 to 97 per cent in 1919. Since 1917, the acreage under grain has fallen off more than 16 per cent. The number of families engaged in agriculture is steadily increasing, but agricultural methods are reported to have deteriorated visibly since the revolution.

A wholesale reversion to barter — or perhaps better said, to a form of agricultural credit traditional in the former Russian dominions — has recently occurred in Poland where the government has organized a syndicate to supervise the distribution of fertilizers and agricultural machinery to the farmers and to guarantee payment for them by a levy upon the crops. This syndicate is already exporting sugar, starch, and other agricultural produce.

THE *Vladivostok Daily News* publishes a report by the Minister of Transportation to the Constituent Assembly last February upon the condition of railway and river traffic in Eastern Siberia. Along the Amur line, 417 wooden bridges and 9 steel bridges have been destroyed. Along the Ussuri line, some six miles of steel bridges and twice that length of wooden trestles have been wrecked by the White Guards. About 800 miles of the Chita line are crippled. It is estimated that it will take more than $10,000,000 gold to restore the roadbed and rolling stock in this district. Of the 28 ships of the Russian volunteer fleet, only 16 remain. It is reported that 317 river vessels are still operating in Eastern Siberia, and, under present conditions, they afford better means of communication when the rivers are open than do the railways.

AN article by a member of the Czechoslovak Parliament, printed in a recent issue of the *Prager Tageblatt*, cites the following figures to illustrate the existing industrial crisis in that country: woolen mills and knitting mills are employed to 30 or 35 per cent of their capacity and face additional shut-downs. Of the lace-makers only 10 per cent are employed. Only 25 to 30 per cent of the machinery of the carpet mills is still running. Of the button factories and hardware shops, 19 are operating to 10 per cent of their capacity, 2 have shut down, and 15 are preparing to shut down. The glass works are running only three days a week. The porcelain works are employed to about two thirds of their capacity. The figures for leather, chemical, electrical, paper, and furniture factories are equally depressing. The explanation given in the article is that the factories of Czechoslovakia formerly made goods for the whole Austro-Hungarian monarchy and several neighboring countries. They never were

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supported by the local — Bohemian — market. Now that it is no longer possible to sell goods in Austria, Germany, and other neighboring territories, on account of the new tariff legislation, Czech manufacturers cannot dispose of their wares. Most industries report an excessive accumulation of stocks.

Vorwärts publishes a list of the properties owned or controlled by Hugo Stinnes. These include: four coal-mining groups, owning and operating about fifty important mines; eight iron mines; four iron and steel corporations owning twenty-one groups of furnaces, steel works, or rolling mills; three paper- and cellulose-manufacturing companies; five printing and publishing houses and great newspaper firms; seven electrical works and corporations; two automobile factories; five shipping lines and importing and exporting businesses; in addition to a large number of inland transportation companies and newspapers.

JAPANESE papers advertise 'patent incense made in the United States of America.' However, this is far outdone by a Kyoto manufacturer of the same material, who informs his customers: 'Our manufactured incense, prepared with the Oriental alones wood. The subtle, delicious fragrance of this incense brings to the mind's eye the languorous sweetness of the quiet purple dask [*sic*] of the Orient. It is refreshing to tired nerves. It invigorates blood circulation. If you burn a few cakes of it in the parlor, the long-lingering, delicate odor of the incense gives your visitors the first impression of your refined taste.'

THE London *Daily Herald*, the labor organ, characterized the failure of the British miners and the railway unions to hold together and precipitate a general strike as 'the heaviest defeat that has befallen the Labor movement within the memory of man.' This journal continues: 'It is no use trying to minimize it. It is no use pretending that it is other than it is. We on this paper have said throughout that if the organized workers would stand together they would win. They have not stood together, and they have reaped the reward.'

LAST month, an economic agreement was concluded between Danzig and Poland, after tedious negotiations which at times threatened to be broken off entirely. Poland renounces certain political aspirations over Danzig, but the Free City permits itself to be included within the Polish tariff area. The agreement must still be ratified by the Polish Parliament and the city government of Danzig. Among the points still left uncertain is the currency question. Danzig wishes to retain the German mark, while Poland insists on the employment of the Polish mark in that trade centre.

MOST European countries are revising their tariff laws upward, in order to meet changes in competitive conditions produced by depreciated currency and other after-war conditions. Sweden is struggling with this question; and its parliamentary committee finds, for instance, that a lady's coat which can be bought in Germany for 35 or 40 Swedish crowns, including the export tax, would cost 120 crowns if made in Sweden itself. Similar differences of price exist in other branches of the textile industry. In other words, existing duties will have to be multiplied eight or nine times, in some instances, to compensate for the abnormally low cost of production in neighboring countries.

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LETTER TO AN AMERICAN

BY ANDRÉ LICHTENBERGER

From *L'Opinion, April 16*
(Paris Nationalist Literary Weekly)

On the occasion of the visit of M. Viviani to America, you have the kindness to manifest anew the friendly sentiments cherished by your country toward France. You anticipate that the visit of this eminent statesman and the warm reception which he has received will dissipate the shadows which various events, and particularly the attitude of the United States toward the Versailles Treaty, have cast upon the pleasant relations between the two countries.

In this connection, you indulge in certain considerations and reflections which I think I summarize rightly in the following paragraphs, where I shall headline a few phrases in order to bring their substance prominently before you.

'The United States sincerely loves France. It loves justice. It has proved this double affection not only by intervening on the side of the Allies in the World War, but in countless other ways, both public and private. To fancy that the country will change its attitude and become pro-German is an insult to its sincerity and an absurdity.

'But America's recent experiences with the European bear-garden have utterly disgusted it with the old continent.

'America will not sign a treaty negotiated by an impracticable visionary, which would involve it permanently in a host of intrigues and complications, and might obligate it to engage in a new war for objects in which the country has no immediate interest.

'Favored by their geographical situation and by an attitude of mind several centuries in advance of that of Europe, the people of the United States will not sacrifice their free initiative by engagements either Utopian or reactionary.

'The Americans intend to devote themselves to their own material and moral progress, without ceasing, however, to interest themselves in all questions truly related to the general welfare of mankind.

'If a sufficient and proper reason should again arise for American intervention, Europe — and France in particular — may rest assured that the country will do its duty in the future as it has done its duty in the past.'

Is this not, my dear sir, your American point of view, fundamentally patriotic and fundamentally friendly to France?

You appeal to my kindly feelings toward yourself and toward your country to enlighten you regarding the sentiment of my own people.

I shall try to comply with your desire candidly and clearly.

I am confident that your honest wish to know the truth will prevent your taking offense, if I am perfectly frank in explaining to you why your arguments are not satisfactory in our eyes.

Before I do that, however, I beg you to set aside any idea that our two countries are unfriendly. We feel complete-

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ly assured that though your political course may sometimes embarrass us, America is truly and profoundly the friend of France. Be equally assured that we are as deeply attached to your country, and shall never forget what it has done for us. Neither you nor I need pay attention to the folly uttered and written by some of our politicians and journalists. The friendship between France and America is too well anchored to be shaken by these petty and transitory outbursts.

It is this very friendship, this duty to be frank, which entitles me to tell you without reserve, the points in your position as I have just summarized it, which we do not approve.

The case is very simple.

Each of the victorious nations was compelled to sacrifice many of its individual claims, and to make heavy concessions to its Allies, in order to bring about the settlement at Versailles. We assumed that we were receiving in return for these concessions a treaty based upon the unanimous consent of the belligerent powers.

France had been so cruelly lacerated, so weakened in its financial and its military strength, that it was inclined to impose upon Germany exceedingly severe requirements to compensate for its injuries, and to safeguard its future.

We lightened these requirements for several reasons, the principal one of which was our deference for President Wilson — that is to say, for the United States. Without having excessive illusions regarding the League of Nations which Wilson had conceived, we felt that it was safe for us to reduce our own demands, providing the Treaty of Versailles, and the League which it created, were guaranteed by the signature of your Great Republic.

That signature was in our eyes such a valuable guaranty for the liquidation of the war and the future peace of the world, that we did not hesitate to sacrifice things to which we attached utmost value in order to obtain it.

Now, it is this very signature which you refuse us.

The consequence is that, with or without your will, we have been seriously injured.

The concessions we made cannot be taken back. It is impossible now to impose additional penalties upon Germany. But the equivalent which we expected to receive for those concessions is denied us.

Since the United States refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles and to join the League of Nations, our financial situation, which was not good in any case, and our political situation, which is precarious at best, have been rendered much more critical.

Whether you wish it or not, our guaranties that Germany will pay us and that it will refrain from hurling itself against us again, have been weakened.

I know your reasoning. President Wilson was not authorized to make promises for the United States, and the Allies should have known that. So much the worse for them.

Let me say, a little bluntly, perhaps, that this argument is worthless, and that if some statesmen and newspapers in Europe have seemed to take it seriously, it is only in order to make political capital against the parties in power, whom they wish to discredit and dethrone.

It is you, the people of the United States, who have made your Constitution.

It is you, the people of the United States, who have elected and subsequently reëlected President Wilson.

Until he was reëlected we might argue about his policies and his personality. Both aroused more or less doubt in some of us. You will perhaps recall that we criticized him rather vigorously

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for a short period, when we supposed, on the basis of false reports, that Mr. Hughes had been elected.

From the day when President Wilson became the first magistrate of the United States, we could no longer discuss him. We had to accept him. To pretend to doubt that he was authorized to represent his country would have been an insult, not only to him, but to you. It would have stood for indiscreet and uncomplimentary meddling with your domestic matters. It would have been a most odious manœuvre on our part against the man who brought America into the war on our side.

From the moment when he represented officially the United States, it was our duty to trust President Wilson; any other attitude would have placed us and our associates in a false, incorrect, and impossible position.

You are to-day within your technical rights, under your Constitution, in disavowing him and in refusing to ratify his acts which you disapprove.

But if you will rise for a moment above this somewhat over-simple and self-centred point of view, you will recognize that it is not quite just that we alone should suffer from the fact that you reëlected Mr. Wilson in 1916, and that you subsequently took a dislike to him and his ideas.

You are the ones who invested him with power. You therefore share responsibility for our present unhappy situation.

We did not submit to Mr. Wilson's direction out of personal respect for the man; we did so because a majority of the great American people had made him its agent, and because we would have been lacking in our duty and our friendship to you if we had opposed him.

You had the choice of not electing Mr. Wilson.

From the moment you did elect him, he was the only man who was entitled to impersonate America in our eyes.

So now, if he has misused his office, you are much more responsible for the consequences than we are.

It is unfair that we alone should be handicapped by concessions which we made because he spoke in the name of America, and for which you now refuse to give us the return which he promised us.

This is our point of view.

What is the conclusion which must be drawn?

In my opinion, it is this. I shall express it with the same friendly frankness which inspires all this letter.

It is that, if you refuse to sign the Treaty, you owe us, if not by the letter of the law, at least by the canons of equity, an indemnity.

In place of the equivalent which Mr. Wilson contracted to give us, and which you have refused, — your signature to the Treaty of Versailles and your participation in the League of Nations, — we are entitled to expect some other compensation.

It is impossible that you will not see, after reflecting on the matter at leisure, that America is in a certain degree responsible for all the acts of its duly elected president, and that the nation belittles itself by pretending that the engagements which he made in its behalf can be lightly disregarded. If the position you have taken is to be the consistent policy of your country, confidence in the promises of your government and in the authority of its representatives, will be tremendously weakened in all future dealings.

I feel perfectly certain, my dear sir, that your instincts, which are just, will endorse the truth of these observations. I feel perfectly certain that President Harding will find some way to show France and the world that America cherishes the same high ideals of hon-

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or, justice, and friendship, no matter what man chances to fill the presidential chair.

It is needless to say, my dear sir, that I address these reflections to you solely in my capacity as a private citizen. They do not commit my country or this periodical. They simply state the position of a Frenchman who admires America deeply, sympathizes profoundly with your people, and considers that the friendship of France and America, if it develops and bears the fruits it should, will be one of the strongest guaranties for the pacification of the world and the general progress of civilization.

THE LAST HOHENZOLLERN EMPRESS

From the *Daily Telegraph, April 12*
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

Outside Berlin the doings of the German Empress were seldom chronicled; her name was scarcely ever mentioned. She led the quiet, humdrum life of a wife, and mother whose sphere of action was bounded by the precincts of her husband's home, and whose interests were all centred in his family hearth. She had, in a way, her reward, though it was never believed that the alliance was in any way the union of twin souls. Kaiser Wilhelm publicly proclaimed her 'a precious pearl; the type of all the virtues of the Germanic princesses. To her I owe it that I am able to tackle and perform in a cheerful spirit the difficult duties of my position.'

If ever there was a wise and workable marriage upon earth, or one of which the world of gossips augured less of happiness, it was that of Prince Wilhelm and the grandniece of her Majesty Queen Victoria. They had little or nothing in common, and their families were, so to say, at daggers drawn. The bride was shy, trustful, essentially feminine in the best sense of the word, fond of home, and averse from pomp and ceremony. The bridegroom, on the contrary, was already feverishly active and insatiably ambitious; his life was to be passed in the glare of footlights which were seldom extinguished, and he was never satisfied unless he were playing a leading part before the whole civilized world as audience.

It was the bridegroom's grandfather, Wilhelm I, who dethroned the ill-starred father of the bride and reduced him and his to penury by incorporating the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein in the Kingdom of Prussia, and the bitterness caused by this arbitrary act was so intense that a matrimonial alliance between members of the two Houses seemed far beyond the range of romantic love or practical politics. When the future German Empress was still an inmate of the nursery, Bismarck's name used to be invoked by her nurse to frighten her into obedience. That statesman was to the Ducal house the embodiment of all that was cruel, unscrupulous, and terrible, on the earth and under the earth. The cry, 'Bismarck kommt,' filled, therefore, the child's soul with terror. Yet she lived long enough to welcome the bogey of her childhood to her Imperial Palace in Unter den Linden, which had become

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her home mainly through his instrumentality. She lived long enough also to see her husband dismiss him with a curt vulgarity all his own from the work of the Empire which Bismarck alone had built. But these were not the greatest changes of fortune that she lived to see.

Princess Augusta Victoria, the eldest daughter of Frederick, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, was born in the Castle of Dolzig, in the province of Brandenburg, on the eve of very troublous times (October 22, 1858). Her mother (Princess Adelheid of Hohenlohe-Langenburg) prided herself on being a niece of Queen Victoria, whose counsel she was ever eager to obtain and prompt to follow, and with whom she cultivated friendly relations by means of affectionate letters.

When the child was in her sixth year a dark shadow gathered over the house of her ancestors, whose star had gone down for ever. The Duke made a spirited and almost successful attempt to enter into the possession of his territory, was acclaimed by his people, supported at first by Austria, and had the cordial sympathy of the Crown Prince of Prussia. Bismarck, however, threw his weight into the opposite scale; a short, sharp war broke out, and the ill-starred Duke, disowned and almost penniless, retired to the Castle of Dolzig, where he and his passed through a long and terrible ordeal. They felt the pinch of want in its most galling form, aristocratic poverty, which is compelled to pay for shadows with its very life-blood.

Smoothly and uneventfully ran the life of Princess Augusta Victoria until the Duke's father died, and bequeathed to him an estate in Primkenau, whither the family soon afterward removed, freed henceforward from petty cares and worries. Here the young Princess led a quiet country life, far from the dust and din of big cities. Of politics she knew nothing, beyond the guiding fact that Prussia was the enemy of her people and her house, that Bismarck and his government deserved all the hatred which the annexed provinces continued to display toward them, and which no administrative measures could charm away. Yet she was destined to play no small part upon the very throne which had become for her a byword. For the idea suggested itself to the then Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia that possibly a union of hearts between their eldest son Prince Wilhelm and the young Princess Augusta Victoria might be followed by a more kindly understanding between the two houses and peoples.

In due time Wilhelm, then in his twenty-first year, and fresh from his university studies at Bonn, was asked down to the Duke's place in Primkenau to enjoy a few days hunting. There is a romantic story told of their first meeting, which is probably not true; but, at any rate, matters progressed so well that, by the time the visit came to a close, Duke Frederick was ready to admit that the eldest son of the German Crown Prince might after all be a possible son-in-law, while Wilhelm felt that this daughter of the fallen enemy of his house was worthy to share his coming greatness. In January, 1880, the Duke having meanwhile died suddenly, the pair plighted their troth privately at Gotha, and five months later in public, at Babelsberg, near Potsdam (June 2, 1880).

On matters of love and marriage Prince Wilhelm had formed very definite ideas, and he acted up to them. Like a much less exalted person he held that a man ought to choose his wife, as she would her gown, for qualities that would wear well. Intellectual strength and brilliancy, or even emotional vigor, were not among the characteristics

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which he looked for in a wife. An eligible lady should know her *métier de femme*, as understood by the Hohenzollerns and the bulk of the German people, and she should devote herself exclusively to that.

Woman's virtues, tastes, ideals, ought to be other than those of the rougher sex, and to her positive charms she should add the negative grace of sweet conscious inferiority and the bewitching helplessness that brings forth loving trust. Goodness, greatness, truth, she might, indeed, worship, but she should be ready to venerate them incarnated in her husband's manly form. Romance, therefore, was not the cornerstone of the happy home. He had no faith in the headstrong passion which ensouls even the most prosaic body. For him the sacred fire was not the bright and short-lived element which dazzles and flickers out, but a steady glow. A good wife ought to be a ministering angel to her husband, bracing him for his work, comforting him in his moments of depression, and catering to his wants. Her will must merge itself in his; she is the shoe, he the foot, and with the foot the shoe must turn and move. In a word, his wife must devote herself to the three K's — *Kirche, Kinder, Küche;* and she did.

He was as anxious to make the world believe himself also a willing martyr at the shrine of duty, and he took the opportunity offered by his marriage to stage two well-meant 'turns' for this purpose. On the arrival of the Princess for the wedding, the bridegroom, whether by accident or design, was on military service. He would have been relieved at a moment's notice had he wished it, but he chose rather to improve the occasion and give the army an object-lesson in the sacredness of duty. He therefore availed himself of a short interval allowed for a rest, rushed off for a few minutes, hurriedly welcomed his bride, and then hastened back to his post like any other hero of the drama.

On the wedding day, February 27, 1881, the Prince went far out of his way to give another lesson in theatrical deportment to his troops. It was a raw, dark morning, but the young Prince, instead of sleeping comfortably as long as was possible, turned out of his warm bed before five o'clock had struck, and took the train for Potsdam, where he arrived about six. He hurried off to the barracks there, delivered one of his enthusiastic speeches to the men, and presented a medal to a deserving sergeant-major. The officers and soldiers were astounded, and their amazement was legible in their faces.

'Yes, I know you did not expect to see me out here on my wedding day,' he exclaimed, 'but I felt I had a duty to perform, and duty goes before everything else. I have discharged mine; I am sure you will always perform yours. Good-bye'; and, amid the applause of his audience, the young man hurried back to Berlin and his bride.

After the marriage ceremony certain guests were honored, in accordance with the custom of the House of Hohenzollern, with a present of the bride's garters, of which there were a goodly number distributed. In reality, the articles were symbolical rather than real items of the toilet, and consisted of a number of white moiré ribbons, on which the bride's initials, surmounted by the Prussian Crown and the date of her marriage, were embroidered.

Happily, for many years after her married life began, Princess Wilhelm had no important rôle to play, so that to a large extent she managed to keep up her simple habits without provoking unfriendly comment. Still, the cold conventionalities of the Prussian Court chilled and dismayed this unaffected young lady, with her shy, retiring manner and rural tastes. She had had no

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experience of Courts, and very little of cities, but she had kindly help at hand. The cordial kindness of Crown Prince Frederick and his consort made her way smooth at home, while the valuable assistance given her by Count Waldersee enabled her soon to master the intricacies of Court etiquette and thread her way through the labyrinth of conventionalities. By the time she donned the crown of Empress she had become many times a mother, and had more serious things to occupy her attention than those of the Court ceremonial.

Her first child (born May 6, 1882) is the present ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm, whose unfailing mismanagement of every military task committed to him during the war, and whose ingrained habit of stealing from private houses in France, cannot fairly be attributed to his mother's share in his blood. A little over a year after his birth (July 7, 1883), she presented her husband with another son, Prince Eitel Fritz. The third child, who was also a boy (July 14, 1884), received the name of Adalbert. His younger brother saw the light of the world a few years later (January 26, 1887), and became known as August Wilhelm. When a fifth boy appeared, in the ensuing year, Court gossips expressed the fear that the Imperial mother might never know the delight of having a daughter to assist, help, and console her in the discharge of her numerous duties. When the sixth male child (Joachim), whose death by his own hand last July was a terrible shock to his mother, was ushered into the world (December 17, 1890), these fears seemed well founded, and were not finally removed till September, 1892, when her last child, a daughter, was born, who received at baptism the names of Victoria Louise, and afterward became the wife of the Duke of Brunswick.

As soon as Princess Wilhelm became Kaiserin Wilhelm, the duties of her new and exalted station weighed heavily on her. She experienced great difficulty in finding subjects of conversation for the numerous people whom she was called upon to entertain. At first she wholly lacked that confidence which is the source of most of the wit with which table-talk is spiced. She was not only not a talker herself, but she never claimed to possess the magnetic influence which draws out the conversational powers of others.

Society chat, especially in Court circles, is an acquired knack rather than an inborn gift; but a good deal of tact is required to render conversation anything but an exchange of stiff banalities, and tact the Empress did not possess. Traveling by land and sea, the splendors of the East, the beauties of nature, according to the different seasons, were for a long time among the staple themes of conversation. Then the wives and children of the different guests gave another fruitful topic. The Kaiserin was really fond of children, and would ask all manner of questions concerning the offspring of her subjects whom it was her duty or her pleasure to entertain.

Within the palace walls the Empress ruled supreme. The accounts, the orders, the food, the arrangement of the bill of fare, the rule of life of the children, everything, in a word, that comes within the ken of the *Hausfrau* and mother, were under her immediate supervision. And, as if to make up for her total abstinence from intervention in political matters, she exercised her domestic rights and privileges to the very utmost.

One day the Emperor resolved to send the young princes out to learn to paddle a canoe. He mentioned this to a personal friend of his, who had just bought a most gracefully built vessel of the kind he liked best. This gentleman,

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in talking to the Empress on the subject, waxed eloquent in praise of the delights of skimming through the waves. But her Majesty failed to appreciate the joys of paddling, so far as her own children were concerned, and she said so very plainly, adding that none of the young princes would be permitted to run any such risks. 'But, your Majesty, the Kaiser has already given his permission.' 'That may be as you say,' she replied, smiling; 'he is Kaiser of Germany, but I am Kaiser of the nursery.'

The kitchen became a model institution in the Palace during the reign of Kaiserin Wilhelm, although the highest forms of the culinary art were never greatly in demand. The hour of breakfast varied between 6 and 8 A.M., but no matter when it was served, her Majesty was expected to preside at the table, for that was the time when household matters usually came up for discussion. The Kaiser liked a substantial English breakfast, including tea, bread-and-butter, and meat, which often consisted of the remains of the joint served at the dinner of the day before.

At lunch, which was usually served at one o'clock, about ten guests were invited, and it was a standing rule that conversation should be carried on in a low tone of voice. The bill of fare for dinner, especially for gala dinners, was carefully considered before it was finally approved by the Imperial couple — for the Kaiser also had a voice in the deliberations. Several courses were suggested by the chef, who was a German and were approved by the official under whose orders the culinary administration was worked. Then the Empress suggested changes, made combinations, and laid definite proposals before the Kaiser. His sanction sealed the menu that received it.

The Empress kept a very sharp eye upon Court purveyors, tradesmen, and servants, and would take an infinitude of pains to find out why the price of an article to-day was higher than it had been a week before, and woe betide the caterer who could not supply a satisfactory explanation. Expenses were kept down so low under this system that the item of food cost no more than 7s. 6d. a head *per diem*, except on banqueting days, when it ran from 20s. to 30s. Many a Berlin merchant and nobleman would have been delighted could he persuade his partner to take a leaf from the Kaiserin's book and practise similar household economy.

In the matter of dress the august lady was a shining example whom worldly ladies admired and praised dutifully, but shrank from imitating.

'Expenses must be curtailed; see how her Majesty does!' exclaimed a nobleman, whose income was falling off, to his extravagant spouse, during a discussion about dressmakers' bills.

'You mean creature! Surely you would not have your wife dress like the Empress!' was the reply. It was duly reported to the Kaiser, who said he enjoyed the joke immensely.

All her costumes for everyday use were cut out and sewn at home. She never sent the work out of the palace, but did as her beloved parents were wont to do in the dreary days at Dolzig. They were also made to stand more than ordinary wear and tear, for they were never rendered obsolete by fashion. So long as the stuff was not honestly worn out, the form was but a secondary consideration. Sometimes the Kaiser would rally his wife on her over-economical habits, and hint that the time had come for the gown she was wearing to be struck off the active list of her wardrobe. But here she felt that she was in her own empire, and would have her own way. At most would she undertake to have it freshly trimmed, or 'modernized,' as the Ger-

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mans put it; but thrown aside — never, until it could no longer bear a change. Then some poor woman in want, generally a lady suffering from genteel poverty, would be made happy by the discreet bestowal of the Imperial garment.

And what was good for the mother seemed to her meet for the children. The boys seldom took as long as herself to ruin the texture of a garment, but it sometimes happened that one of the young princes outgrew a costume which he rarely put on. The Empress then gave it to one of his younger brothers, and when he had done his worst, it was presented to some needy and deserving boy.

Economy is a praiseworthy quality, but its special sphere has never been supposed to be a Royal or Imperial Court. The peculiar conditions, however, in which the House of Hohenzollern was forced to work its way upward in the world, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, made it an exception to the general rule. Still, it may well be doubted whether, since the days of Frederick the Great's parsimonious father, economy was practised in a palace with the unbending vigor that characterized the household methods of the late Empress, who sufered unspeakably, and almost physically, at the sight of waste of any kind, even in perfect strangers.

It was this passion for utilizing everything that inspired her Majesty with the idea of founding a benevolent society of Court ladies, with the object of presenting to struggling and deserving actresses the Court costumes of which etiquette forbade the further use. This society was eventually established, and conferred some benefits on a few of the ladies in question, but, for many obvious reasons, its success was very limited.

Art in its highest forms never roused the enthusiasm of the Empress, whose early training had accustomed her to the pursuit of more homely ideals. With music she was fairly familiar, and her performances on the piano, which were frequent and creditable, often won for her the applause of her Imperial consort. The Kaiser's favorite pieces were 'La Paloma' and several less well-known Dutch compositions, though he was sometimes pleased to listen to a sonata of Beethoven by way of a change. He himself possesses a baritone voice, and when the company was very select he was wont to sing, but only to the accompaniment of the Empress or his brother, Prince Henry, of the mailed fist. Painting was not among the favorite pursuits of her Majesty, but to photography she took with great zest. She never set out upon a journey without her camera, and piles of albums were filled with the work of her hands. Every new dog, pony, or other acquisition of her children was duly taken in various poses, and many of the curious sights that delighted her eye in Turkey were photographed, and afforded her an inexhaustible source of conversation for the entertainment of her husband's guests.

In politics, literature, science, and art she took no part and evinced little interest, and the most she did in this direction was to stimulate the wealthy inhabitants of the capital to subscribe for the memorial church or other objects which her husband had at heart. Subscribers were attracted by the promise that their names and offerings would be printed on special lists, which would be laid before the Empress. On one occasion, at the desire of Kaiser Wilhelm, she instructed the highest official under her orders to write a letter reproaching the municipality of Berlin for remissness in coöperating with his Majesty's schemes. The consequence was that on her ensuing birthday the town councilors refrained from offering her Majesty the usual congratulatory address. One

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day, when she and Kaiser Wilhelm were out walking along the Mulberry Avenue, near Potsdam, a Social Democrat, who saw them coming, took up a conspicuous position on the road, and, staring at the Emperor, stood with folded arms and covered head until the pair had passed. Wilhelm II, indignant at this deliberate insult, walked on until a dozen yards separated him from his ill-bred subject, and then, leaving the lady for a moment, he returned, walked up to the Socialist, saluted him in military fashion, and then said: 'The least one should do is to salute one's Empress!'

Even the tremendous test and challenge of the war brought nothing more out of the Empress than she had displayed before. It seems clear that with a foresight denied to her husband she feared and hated the war, and had it lain in her power to prevent him, the Emperor would never have been allowed to force it upon the world. She accepted it, of course; she allowed her name to be freely used in the name of charity; she visited the hospitals, and increased her own homely output of plain necessities, but her name was scarcely mentioned. One thing may be said. The Kaiser duly dispatched a public telegram to his wife on every occasion on which, by any stretch of complacency, he could regard a movement or an engagement as successful. So habitual was this that the absence of such a telegram often gave welcome confirmation to the Allies of German difficulties in even their most extravagantly boasted days of victory.

And now the end has come to a life that must often have seemed to her simple nature but an empty show.

JAPAN'S TREND TO DEMOCRACY

BY S. YOSHINO

[*This remarkable address upon the political evolution of Japan during the Meiji era, and present tendencies in that country, was recently delivered by Professor Sakuzo Yoshino of the Imperial University of Tokyo, before the students of the Japanese Language School in that city.*]

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If you examine the newspapers from day to day you will find much written about the corruption of the government. There is also a great deal that is not printed. It is most embarrassing for a Japanese to discuss the corruption of his government, but facts are facts, and we may as well look them in the face. We cannot help feeling that what we see is very regrettable, but at the same time, if we examine the political history of Japan, we must admit that the present state of affairs is largely unavoidable.

What are the reasons for this corruption in public life? One reason is that Japan has been for the last fifty years changing from an autocratic to a constitutional form of government. Although Japan has nominally had a con-

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stitutional government for about thirty years, constitutional ideals have not been carried out in practise, and this has created many difficulties.

Japan has to learn from experience the lessons of constitutional government. England, Germany, and France, in their transition from autocratic to constitutional institutions, encountered the same difficulties that we encounter. They found that although the people were said to rule, authority really rested in the hands of certain leaders to whom they were obliged to yield obedience.

In Japan the real masters continue to be those who ruled under the daimios. Possibly the condition in the Roman Catholic Church to-day, governed by the Pope, is the most perfect example of this kind of governing.

One of the difficulties of applying constitutional ideas to the government of Japan is that those in authority do not and cannot give serious consideration to the opinions of the middle and lower classes. They accept the ideal of constitutional government in principle; but when it comes to actual ruling, they do it their own way. The daimios have gone, but their spirit still actuates the governing classes. As a matter of fact the official caste cannot bring itself to think that it is necessary in ruling the country to consult with *kurumaya*, merchants, and laborers; and when things are to be done they do them according to their own ideas. Our professional governors cannot rid themselves of the idea that they are designated by Fate to do the ruling without consulting anybody else. Here in Tokyo we have rulers who are the elected representatives of the people, such as the mayor and councilmen. They are in a position to run things, and do not like to be bothered with the advice and demands of the common people. Also in larger affairs we meet the same condition. The question is always arising, 'Who is to be consulted?' While we have a constitutional form of government, we find the authorities still dominated by the idea that, when it comes to actual ruling, they must do it their own way. History records similar conditions in England in the time of Cromwell and the Rump Parliament. The dismissal of the English Parliament showed where the real power lay. No doubt Japan, must still pass through many of the experiences of other nations in the past. Political leaders are always studying how to have their own way, and yet observe the forms of constitutional government.

Constitutional government was nominally granted to Japan about 31 years ago. In the earlier elections the ruling classes resorted to force to carry out their will. It is not polite to use force in these days, so they now use money. A great deal of money is spent for bribing men in Parliament to put through certain measures. If you have read the papers recently you will have seen something about the South Manchurian Railway scandal. It seems there has been a great deal of corruption in the management of this railway. Those who are appointed to take charge of its development control large sums of money, and they use it to bribe people in this country to carry out their wishes. Of course, they claim this is in the interests of the nation, and necessary in order to carry out their plans for promoting the nation's welfare. But it causes a vicious circle. More money, more bribery, more power! More power, more bribery, more money!

This same thing has occurred previously in other countries. I might cite the elections in France in 1837 and 1848, and the French Revolution. Also the development of constitutional government by the Anglo-Saxon race. This thing that has happened in other lands is now happening in Japan, and we

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must recognize it for what it really is, birth throes of real constitutional government, not to be pointed at with scorn, but taken as a necessary step in political progress, and accepted with an attitude of sympathy, rather than with contempt or unkind feeling. Many of the people who are using these large sums of money for bribing those in places of influence, do not think they are doing anything bad at all. They think they are doing an act of patriotism. Take the South Manchurian Railway case. Those who are doing questionable things think they are serving the state, and consider themselves real patriots.

There is one classic example which has happened in very recent years. At the time when Count Okuma was Prime Minister, and Viscount Oura was Home Minister, Viscount Oura believed that the military forces of the country should be strengthened. There ought to be two new army divisions. It did not seem at all likely that a bill providing for this could possibly be carried through the House, so he simply bought up twenty or thirty members to make sure that the bill would pass. He felt that it was necessary for the safety of the state that these two units be organized, and that 'the end justifies the means.' He did not stop to think of the consequences of this practise—that although he might gain something he considered very desirable at the time, he was doing something that in after years would lower our national ideals.

Now the majority in the House at present does not represent the public mind. It is a majority of older men who for many years have been the ruling force in the state, and feel it necessary to control the House in order to discharge their duty to the state. This is not a new attitude; the same idea has prevailed at times during the last thirty or forty years. The effort of Mr. Ozaki to get support for his proposal to restrict armaments has come prominently before our notice recently. But the amount of support Mr. Ozaki is able to get is very small. No doubt some of our leading statesmen favor the plan but the majority of the House do not propose to listen to Mr. Ozaki for a single moment. Mr. Ozaki's proposition is the reduction of armaments all along the line. Reduce the army to only the forces that are really necessary, and do the same to the navy. Japan is over-armed to-day. This is especially true in regard to naval armament. It would be a good thing if some arrangement could be made between England, America, and Japan that would make possible a material decrease in naval expenditures. Japan might make some move in that direction, or if America were to propose such a reduction Japan should be ready to welcome it. In fact, Japan might do well to lead in such a matter and invite the coöperation of America.

When this question came up for vote in the House a short time ago, it was very emphatically snowed under. There were only 37 votes in favor of the proposition, out of a total number of 460, so that less than 10 per cent of the voting members in the House approved a reduction of armaments. Mr. Ozaki was not satisfied to have it snowed under in that way, so he resolved to appeal to public opinion. He has recently traveled through various parts of the country, and went to Kobe, Osaka, and other places, in order to present the question to the people directly, something in the style of a referendum. A few days after his first speech, Mr. Ozaki spoke to me about this, and I arranged to have the students of the Imperial University listen to a lecture from him on this subject. I was happy to find myself in accord with his views. There were 2000 students present at

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the meeting. That may not seem so very many, but there has never before been a meeting of that kind so largely attended in the Imperial University. Not only were there a great many students present, but a large majority of them were in accord with the views expressed by Mr. Ozaki. Of course, there were a few of a different opinion, but a very large majority were in accord with the suggestion for the reduction of armaments. It was decided that after Mr. Ozaki's lecture to the students, an opportunity should be given to vote in regard to this matter. As the meeting was not over until late, and no preparations had been made, no vote was taken until two or three days after that time, when an opportunity was given the young men to express their opinions. It was found that there were 270 votes cast. Of these 21 voted against, and 249 in favor of disarmament. Apart from the fact of the majority in favor, the fact that 270 students took the trouble to cast a vote is something to think about. Notice the proportions. In the Imperial House less than 10 per cent were in favor, while in the University less than 10 per cent were against the measure. Wherever Mr. Ozaki went he found the same thing. In Keio a large proportion were in favor, also in other schools, and in the Y.M.C.A. at Kanda. Everywhere the same condition exists. The politicians have their views, and the people outside have theirs. It is interesting to note that these views are diametrically opposite.

Perhaps you will raise the question why the majority in the House should be so large against these proposals. The majority in the House to-day is against these propositions because they are influenced, and practically owned, by the Genro. The latter are men of a preceding generation who are holdovers so far as political power is concerned.

You ask why should these men take the attitude they do — why they feel it necessary to pile up armaments in this way.

In order to understand this clearly, it is necessary for us to go back, to the Meiji era, the age of Feudalism, fifty or sixty years ago. Before this time the rulers of Japan were absolutely ignorant of outside affairs, of other countries or the government of other countries. They not only did not know, but they did not want to know. It you had suggested to them that the waters of the Sumidagawa and the Thames were much the same, you would no doubt have been arrested for high treason. In fact, something of the kind is recorded as having occurred at that period.

The quiet of the time was disturbed by the appearance of Russian ships in the north at Hokkaido, and American ships at Yokohama and Tokyo. The Japanese people at that time had never seen such big ships and such big guns, and they feared them very greatly. Some of that fear has come down to the present time. I come from the north eastern part of Japan — Morioka. When I was a boy I heard from my grandfather of the interest aroused by the news that the Americans were in Yokohama.

Everyone was very much concerned about what the American intended to do. No one had ever seen an American, but one man went down to Yokohama, and he saw them. He drew, or got from some source, a picture of one and brought it back to show the neighbors. The American was drawn with horns on his head, to show what kind of being he was. This is the way the people at that time had an opportunity of seeing what a real American was like.

Now the fear of the people toward foreigners was partly the result of uncertainty as to the their intentions in coming to Japan. Formerly the Pope

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of Rome had divided the world in halves, giving the West to Spain and the East to Portugal, and, of course, these nations started in to colonize. Whether the motives were religious or political was uncertain in the minds of many; and that increased the tendency to fear them. Of course, it is true that a large part of the fear was superstition, but there was always the suspicion that the purpose of the foreigners in coming to Japan was annexation, and who shall say that their fears were entirely unfounded? To-day we understand things better, and the Japanese people do not in general fear foreign countries. Even at that time, of course, there were some Japanese who understood the true situation, but the great majority of the people had a very real dread of foreigners.

Just about that time Ito and other young men were sent abroad to study conditions in foreign countries. Now if these men had found the foreign countries engaged in industrial and other peaceful pursuits, they would have received, and brought back to Japan, a good and beneficial impression; but they found Europe an armed camp. The Austrian and Prussian, and the Franco-Prussian wars were in preparation, and when they returned to Japan, almost before they got back, France and Germany were ready to begin fighting. The impression they brought back and gave to the country was that Japan's best preparation for living with her neighbors was to build big armaments.

Yamagata and the other men who went abroad fifty-two years ago, came back to Japan with the idea that the first thing to be done was to increase the military strength of the country. Other plans were being discussed at that time: questions of education, commerce, and industry; but these men came back with the militaristic idea, and said that the first and most urgent need was to adopt conscription and to build up the army.

Internal conditions in Japan at that time encouraged the militaristic point of view. It was the period when the Tokugawa Government was being superseded by the Meiji régime. There was strife between the two parties, and in various places, such as Kagoshima, open revolts took place. So conditions at home and impressions from abroad worked together to foster the idea of military expansion as the first duty of the state.

When Japan came to consider constitutional government, the question arose, 'What form should the new constitution have?' There were various forms to choose from — French, English, American. Which of these forms was best suited to Japan's needs? After a great deal of discussion the choice seemed to rest between the French and the English system. These two forms were put before the minds of the leaders. There was a division of opinion. It was very plain that the Tokugawa group leaned entirely toward the French system, and it was also pretty clear that the Meiji leaders were in sympathy with the English system, and indeed had made studies of the British methods. English parliamentary institutions, however, were opposed by a large number of people outside the government, whose sympathies were with the French system, and who were supported by the Tokugawa leaders, though the English system had the favor of the government itself. At that time the only person who held any other view was Prince Ito. He was not sure that the French system was good for Japan, and he was not sure that the English system was good for Japan. He felt that neither one nor the other should be accepted in its totality, since it left no opportunity for developing purely Japanese ideas. He turned his eyes

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toward Germany, not because he knew anything about the German system, but because Germany at that time was still in its formative political period, and Japan was also undergoing a similar process as regards her government, therefore Germany's ideas might be better suited to Japan at the time, Japan was not yet ready to take over such highly developed constitutional forms as those of England and France.

At that time Count Yamagata (afterward Prince) advocated the French method, and Count Okuma the English method; and there was a growing inclination to consider taking one or other of these forms pretty much as they were. Ito did not share that feeling. He thought the new constitution should be essentially Japanese, not essentially English or essentially French. His idea was to organize a constitutional government, that would preserve all that was best in Japanese history and thought. In getting these other plans scrapped, he aimed to secure for himself the task of framing the new constitution. His experience and knowledge were valuable to the political leaders, and he had little difficulty in presenting a plan drawn up in accordance with the ideas he thought best suited to Japan, and in getting matters into his own competent hands. Ito made a very careful study of English forms and also of American forms, as well as German. Indeed he looked everywhere for suggestions that would help him. He added to these ideas from abroad his own ideas of what was necessary for the country, and then made a draft of a Constitution for Japan. He took his draft to America and Europe and discussed it with the political leaders there. He found when he got to Germany that the plan he had drawn up was in most respects in accordance with German ideas and he received a great deal of praise and approval. These ideas seemed to be working very well in Germany, so he thought they would work well in Japan. While in Germany he became acquainted with Dr. Stein, who gave him a great deal of help. Dr. Stein was invited to come to Japan and assist in developing the plan of the constitution, but his age did not permit him to do so. Ito did not go to Germany and copy the German system. Although there are many points about the constitution similar to the Prussian constitution, it is Japanese, not Prussian. However, since the ideas incorporated in Ito's constitution were much like those of the Prussian constitution, the Prussian spirit became increasingly influential in Japan. Again let me say, it was not the design of Japan, but the points of similarity in the constitution, that caused Prussian ideas to flow into Japan and to mold the political thought of the nation.

At that time, Ito had his views and supporters, and Yamagata had his. Yamagata's idea was to follow the constitutions of foreign countries rather slavishly. Ito was a very skilful man. He knew how far to go, and how far not to go. He would take the ideas of other people, but he applied them to suit his own views. Yamagata's tendency was to go very far toward the slavish copying of foreign constitutional methods, and on this account there arose a division between the two groups. Not that they disagreed on general principles. They still worked together in a general way, with the same object in view, but when it came to methods and the particulars of the plan, they were divided. Ito unfortunately died in the middle of his career. At least, it seemed as if his career was far from finished, although we have a record of many years of noble service. After his death, those who were in sympathy with Ito and his ideas rapidly lost their strength in

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the Government, and Yamagata soon came into prominence. Yamagata's ideas meant autocracy and military expansion. For that reason the authority of the Genro was strengthened, and Japan's revenues were devoted to building up the army and navy for military expansion. This is the feeling that expresses itself in the refusal to to listen to any proposal for reduction of armaments.

It would be very unfair to say that the Japanese people are either one or the other of these two extremes. We cannot say that they are by nature either autocratic or militaristic. There is an historic reason for things being as they are to-day. But the rising generation of young men are taking a new view of affairs, what we may call the 'world' view — a very different view from that of these older men, who obtained their ideas a generation ago, ideas that now seem exceedingly narrow. I cannot undertake to-day to tell you fully what are the ideas of the young men of the coming generation. I have only time to point out to you the ideas that govern the older leaders, these men who have come down from the preceding generation, but who still hold the reins of power very firmly indeed. I have pointed out to you the attitude of the politicians on the one hand and on the other, have tried to point out, to a certain extent, the attitude of the people, and especially of the younger people, which is very different indeed.

With this historic background, we can understand something of the problem involved in the constitutional government of Japan. Between the politicians of the preceding generation, the politicians in power to-day, and the people, — especially these young people, — there is a great gulf.

The coming generation, made up of these young people of new and broad ideas, has no power to-day except the power of thought. Most of them are still students. The power that comes from office and positions of influence will be theirs as these young men come into their own. As they advance in years and in influence, a great conflict is coming in this nation. A great change is coming. It may be in five years; it may not be for ten years; but it is very plain that in five or ten years it will be here. How will it come? Who can tell? Who can divine the future? But it will come. Japan will have a new day.

I want to say, in closing, just one word in regard to these new ideas. They are Christian ideas. Not that they bear that name, or are called such, or are even recognized as such, perhaps, by those who are developing them; but the fundamental forces that are pushing these young men forward have their origin in the strength that comes from Christian ideals; a vigorous, powerful, Divine force is pushing them forward into a new day. That is the power that is behind the movement. That is the leaven that is leavening the whole.

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TATALIER'S TOOTHACHE

BY JEAN GAUMENT AND CAMILLE CE

From *L'Echo de Paris, April 10*
(CLERICAL DAILY)

ONCE upon a time there was a poor man whose name was Tatalier and who had toothache. During the forty-four years he had been in the world he had had pain in the ivories in his square jaws, just like the fingers of an insane artist on the yellow keys of a piano out of tune. His canines sounded little sharp notes like the points of needles; his molars poured out great wails whose circumference was everywhere and whose centre was nowhere. His wisdom teeth played the bass, and his incisors, long since departed, mingled their absent voices in the hymn of torment.

The teeth of Tatalier occupied his life. They filled all his hours with sufferings, dull or lively shooting pains, and pains all round, the blow of a hammer, the stab of a knife, the rasp of a saw, the twist of a screw. While he was busy about his work picking apples, cutting wood, or burning heaps of dead leaves, his pain, hypocritical or cruel, cut off short the song which he had begun. Then he would take the pipe out of the corner of his mouth, spit on the earth, and pointing his finger in his open mouth, he would exclaim: 'It's the big one at the back — or the little one in the middle.' Then he resigned himself and the dance began.

He had tried everything. He had put pinches of pepper in each cavity, a plug of cloves, a little piece of tobacco. He had bathed his gums with marshmallow water. He had stuffed into his ears wads of paper moistened in warm water. Often he had tried to pull the tooth; he cut at it with his knife. He shook it in vain between his fingers. He had followed everybody's advice; had tried all remedies, had tried everything that anyone could do — except going to a dentist. For a dentist is rather expensive, and Tatalier was poor.

Now there was at this time a dentist at Bourg-Achard. He was a timid little chap, who had nothing on the little door of his little house but a little plate of steel, such as there is on the tombstone of a miser. The little dentist had a little office, with a chair. He had his pincers and he had his drill; he had cement and he had drugs. He had his little boxes with his name printed on them, in which people carried off as souvenirs the tooth embedded on gory cotton wool. He had a professional manner; he had science. He even had honesty — but he had no patients.

There came sometimes on market days a fellow in the clutches of pain, haggling ferociously over the price of having an 'extraction.' In vain the little dentist used to hint that the tooth was still good.

'I can save it for you.'

'Not on your life.'

'Some gas, at least, to save you pain.'

'A cup of coffee an hour later will be better for my business.'

Five minutes after the rescued man spat his blood into the basin and his forty sous into the hand of the dentist.

'That's easy money!'

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And until the next Saturday the little dentist sadly dug in his little garden and eked out his little livelihood.

But the war came along, and Tatalier was mobilized as a reservist, to guard the roads far behind the lines. They gave him a *képi*, and they gave him a rifle. They gave him a sentry box, and when he was installed in it his teeth started to rumble again in his jaws like a purring cat. The pain reached his neck and his forehead, and down to his shoulders. It invaded every corner of Tatalier, and for two weeks he watched the motors go here and there, while the toothache raged. It raged under the hot sun of August, and under the cool nights of summer. It raged so that he could n't drink and he could n't eat, and he could n't smoke; and it raged until he was nearly crazy and, in the end, he reported 'sick.'

Now, the little dentist having been mobilized and assigned to a nearby hospital where nobody ever had toothache, it came about that Tatalier fell in with the dentist, and the dentist, for charity's sake, and to pass the time, set himself to work fixing up the mouth of Tatalier. Tatalier put his head back on the head-rest of the chair, and the dentist first ploughed out the roots the way one pulls out stumps from fallow ground. From time to time, to be polite, Tatalier would offer confused explications:

'It's the cider — and then it's tobacco, and yet a fellow must smoke.'

Each pain went away, one after another, with his tooth. He greeted them as they appeared on the end of the pincers.

'To think that it is so little and that it makes so much trouble.'

For six days the little dentist polished up the profound cavities and filled them with good cement. He filed the broken edges, strengthened the soft gums, and blew out all the pain the way one blows out a candle; and on the seventh day Tatalier climbed out of the chair, with a new mouth, and a soul which soared toward new life.

The war over, Tatalier, wounded and decorated, returned to Bourg-Achard, and the little dentist, decorated and wounded, went back, too. But in the houses where Tatalier cut wood in the courtyards, where he picked apples in the gardens, and where he burned the dead leaves on a heap, he recognized the joy of existence. He was singing from morning till night, when he could smoke his pipe and eat meat without having his teeth set raging. With a sweet but stubborn endurance he bullied the people who came, holding their hands on their jaws or with a handkerchief knotted round their faces, like the ears of a donkey.

'You have a toothache, Nicodemus? Go to a dentist.'

He encouraged them with his example, cheering them up. He took them to the very gate with authority, and did not go discreetly away until he had installed in the chair the patient, who was almost comforted already.

'No, Monsieur le dentiste, no — you need not thank me. What I am doing is for the good of humanity.'

Tatalier was joyous. Who will pretend that happiness is not of this world?

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PUT EUROPE ON ITS FEET

BY CARL THALBITZER

[*The author of the following article is a well-known Danish economist and financial writer, and the editor of the 'Copenhagen Finanstidende.'*]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, March 27*
(Radical Liberal Daily)

In trying to find a way to set Europe again upon its feet, we must first of all be clear as to what conflicting interests we are to encounter; for we must proceed on the assumption that every government is intent first and foremost upon protecting its individual welfare and guaranteeing it for the future. If we confine ourselves to England, France, and Germany, this part of our problem works out about as follows.

England's immediate interest is to get out of her present business depression. That is why her government is trying to destroy German competition by levying a fifty per cent tax upon imports from that country. It is proposed to go still further — to pass an anti-dumping law and grant tariff protection to so-called 'key industries.' When Great Britain has throttled German exports, her hands will be free to push her commerce in the rest of the world. England attaches little importance to the other sanctions, such as the occupation of German territories along the Rhine. England's policy toward Germany has the following drawbacks, from the point of view of her own interests: it lessens the purchasing power of the German market; it encounters opposition from Allied and neutral governments; and it injures English consumers by raising the price of German commodities, and thus the price level in general. These drawbacks seriously impair, in the opinion of the people, the advantages which England may derive from the fifty per cent tax on imports from Germany. Necessarily, the financial results will be very small; for not only will imports from Germany sink to a minimum, but the proceeds of the tax will have to be distributed *pro rata* to all the governments having indemnity claims against Germany. None the less, England regards the destruction of German competition as her primary interest, and were that not throttled, considers the war would have been fought in vain. In view of the utter impoverishment of Germany, its market is not likely to prove important for Great Britain for some time to come. That country's eyes are directed to neutral — and, in particular, oversea — markets. Consequently, the country's first interest is to prevent German rivals from entering those markets. England believes that she can use the sanctions of the Treaty to free her hands for energetic competition in these other markets, where her unrivaled commercial connections enable her more than to hold her own against America and Japan. However, Germany's industrial ruin will drag down with it the prosperity of a great part of the continent and thereby endanger important British interests. That, however, is an in-

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evitable consequence of the war, and in choosing between the two alternatives, England will prefer intact oversea markets to a financially ruined continent.

France is interested in the economic sanctions of the Treaty, mainly as a way to lighten her financial burdens. The reconstruction of her ruined territories is of comparatively secondary importance. This is the more so, because the war-devastated regions have become a great attraction for tourists, and, at the same time, afford work for the country's unemployed. The German market is not likely to interest French manufacturers, who are mainly engaged in producing luxury goods. Germany might be reduced to a starvation level for years to come without materially affecting French trade. On the other hand, France is interested in an increase of German exports, within certain limits, because French finances will improve in sympathy with Germany's economic revival. It is easy to understand why French opinion should be influenced by the memory of the five billions that country paid Germany in 1871. France paid this sum without difficulty merely by increasing her exports, and Germany obtained thereby funds to capitalize her growing industry. Frenchmen overlook, however, that, since Germany was a competitor in international trade, it would have been just as impossible for her to receive the 1870 indemnity in the form of merchandise as it would be for England to-day. At the present moment, Russia is the only country in the world that could absorb such an excess of manufactures as the Peace Treaty obligates Germany to deliver as war compensation. The interest of France in the sanctions is, therefore, different from England's interest; in fact, directly opposed to it. It has taken all of Lloyd George's word-cunning to gloze over this fact.

Germany is primarily interested in restoring her own industrial vigor, and in avoiding, during the next few years, financial obligations which she cannot fulfill. Germany has every motive in the world to meet the demands of her enemies for reparations so far as lies within her power, and to secure a settlement, provided it gives the country free entry into the markets of the world. It is inexcusable self-deception to imagine that the reparation problem can ever be solved without giving Germany a reliable and unrestricted market for her goods. And it is perfectly reasonable to ask whether such a market exists after a fifty per cent export tax has been imposed on German merchandise. If Germany can keep her wages down to their present subnormal level, it is conceivable that such a tax can be collected; for the dumping, which is so much reprobated to-day, is, when rightly analyzed, a 'wage dumping,' which presents far-reaching social and cultural problems for all Europe.

Therefore, the first question to ask in seeking to set Europe again on its feet, is how to reconcile these divergent interests of England and France and Germany. So long as there were only two parties to the settlement, the solution was theoretically simple; but now that all three are in the grip of a perilous crisis, the situation is very different. It is no settlement at all for the victorious governments simply to levy the cost of the war against their defeated opponent; for every sensible man knows that the common interests of the three nations are inseparable. Europe's ruin involves such perils for England, that no means can be left untried to avoid that peril. How can these divergent and conflicting interests be reconciled?

In my opinion there is but one way to do so: by consolidating the manufacturing interests of all Europe. So far, we have confined ourselves, for the sake

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of greater clearness, to the material interests of only three countries. In reality, every land in Europe has a stake in Europe's recovery. We must organize a vast trust under a central direction to insure the wisest and most efficient utilization of Europe's productive resources. It looks like a gigantic scheme, but when we examine it closer, we shall discover that it is not so very different from the final form toward which European industrial development has been tending for more than a hundred years. During the war, the Entente nations organized at Washington a War Trade Board to control the commerce of the whole world. This War Trade Board contained in itself the germ of an economic world league. The time is not ripe for that yet. But the formation of a European trust lies within the realms of the possible, and it is urgently necessary if Europe is to maintain itself in competition with the other continents. Time will soon come when both England and France will see that they can escape from their difficulties only through some such measure, and that some non-partisan authority must be set up to work out the programme. England would naturally occupy the leading place in such a concern, and France would be guaranteed the payments of its just claims for reparation. Germany would be forced to bear a heavy burden as a consequence of its defeat; but it would be given an opportunity to recover itself through some fair profit-sharing scheme. Such a trust would afford the best guaranty against the new danger of war which is constantly hovering over Europe. It would draw a common frontier around a great productive area. Of course, it takes time to create such a trust. We must work toward it step by step.

Is there reason to hope that we can agree upon the preliminaries of such an enterprise? So long as Europe is engulfed in the poison gases which enshrouded the London Conferences there is no such hope. That is what makes the present situation so critical. We must start out with a calm, clear-headed examination of the fundamental conditions, if we are to find a road to escape. All other European problems sink into insignificance compared with this one.

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THE JAILER OF SAINT HELENA

BY RENÉ PUAUX

From *Le Temps, March 3*
(PARIS SEMI-OFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

A GERMAN traveler who visited Smyrna in 1826 does not give the 'Pearl of the Levant' of that date a very good character. The 'Franks,' or natives of European descent, seemed to him hopelessly frivolous and lamentably immoral. 'A part of the population,' he wrote, 'is Christian, of various confessions, many of whom are sharpers, bankrupts, thieves, and vagabonds.' A horde of pro-Greek adventurers had taken refuge in the city after the recent setback to the Greek revolution, either despairing of making their fortunes in Greece proper, or if they were sincere champions of liberty, waiting for the triumph of the cause to which, in a moment of enthusiasm, they had devoted themselves.

Pierre David, the consul of France, was greatly embarrassed by this undesirable clientele. He had found places for the best of them, mostly half-pay officers of the Grand Army, as instructors in the Ottoman forces. A few others he sent back home. But the consulate funds were totally insufficient for the relief to the great majority.

The consul, an excellent Greek scholar, and a poet in his hours of leisure, sympathized with Greece. He had intervened courageously at a time of certain massacres in a neighboring island, and their grateful inhabitants had sent him secretly a gold-hilted sword. This had got him into difficulties with our ambassador at Constantinople; for our government was pro-Turk, while the English were strongly pro-Greek. It was not until later that Russia, England, and France united to take the latter country under their protection. Our consulate, in the meantime, became a sort of warehouse for the treasures of the Greek churches. An inventory of the things stored there late in 1826 suggests that it had become a veritable museum of bric-à-brac. The man in charge was a feeble old gentleman, Charles-Auguste Parvy, whose two sons were also employed as clerks in the consulate.

Parvy and his five children had drifted into Smyrna late in 1815 in search of a precarious livelihood. Little was kown of his past, as he was a modest and retiring man. He had served in the Grand Army, had later studied law, and had qualified as a notary. After various vicissitudes due to political changes in France, which had deprived him of his position, he found himself one day, with his young children, set down practically penniless on the wharves of Smyrna. Our consul, finding him competent in his profession, had employed him in his office, where he had labored faithfully for ten years among its dusty archives. No one would have suspected that this modest employee was to be the hero of an episode which would set diplomatic notes going from Smyrna to Constantinople, and from London to Paris.

Late in 1826, Hudson Lowe had left London for India, whither the government had sent into honorable exile, the jailer of Saint Helena. He passed

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through Bucharest, on February 3, carrying letters of recommendation from Metternich, and after a sojourn of a month at Constantinople, reached Smyrna late in March.

The British frigate Cambrian was in the harbor. Commodore Hamilton, commander of the British fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean, was on board. Both Hamilton and the aged British consul, Francis Werry, an ancient servant of the Foreign Office, received Lowe with great respect. At that time Smyrna had little accommodation for strangers. The German traveler, whom I have quoted above, says that the only choice lay between an Italian lodging-house and the French boarding-house, 'which is much more expensive.' Since Lowe could not very well take lodgings with a Frenchman, he secured a room at the Italian place, which was kept by a certain Giacomo Neuman de Rizzi, an Austrian subject. This man had a restaurant, which was a gathering-place for all the people of Smyrna who loved gossip, chess, and pastries. Parvy had lived there before finding a house for himself, and most of the boarders were his friends. It was his habit every afternoon after the office closed to stop at Rizzi's restaurant to smoke his pipe and drink a cup of coffee.

On Saturday, the first of April, 1826, the old gentleman dropped in toward six o'clock, as was his habit. Several witnesses who were living at the place noticed that he seemed unusually excited. Hudson Lowe's name chanced to be mentioned. One of those present said that the English gentleman was not at home, but dining on board the Cambrian. Then something surprising happened. The gentle, peaceable old 'Father Parvy' asked: 'Where is his room?' When it was pointed out he left his friends, went toward the room, and solemnly opening the door, commenced to address the empty chair where the occupant usually sat. He delivered the most terrible invective one could imagine. He became fairly lyrical in his wrath, and his utterances were punctuated with violent curses. A report of the incident says: 'It was a furious declamation in which the listeners detected a flood of invectives from tragedies applied to that personage.' All the memories of the Napoleonic epoch poured forth from his lips: 'The Little Corporal,' 'the Man in the Gray Overcoat,' 'the Bridge of Arcola,' 'the Sun of Austerlitz,' 'the forty centuries of Egypt,' and 'the glory of Wagram.' He cursed the English, who had chained and tortured the eagle. The poor consulate clerk brandished his Turkish pipe, which had gone out, as though it were a horse pistol. He had forgotten Charles X, the Bourbons, and his official position. He was only a Frenchman, who had heard the Emperor shout on the eve of battle, 'Soldiers, I am proud of you!' and whose heart had remained loyal in its despair.

This prodigious monologue attracted a crowd, among them Parvy's own son, Victor, who had been drinking a glass of the local *houzo* in the café, with a party of friends. He succeeded in dragging his father away, and shut him up for a time in Rizzi's own room, where he continued his furious declamation. At last they got him home. It was then eight o'clock at night. The incident would have passed without further remark except for an unhappy conjuncture of accidents.

About ten o'clock that evening two strangers, supposed to be Austrians, were noticed in front of the other tavern. Hudson Lowe's presence in Smyrna was a notable event. One of these gentlemen remarked that it would be a miracle if no harm came to him, in view of the existing bitterness against the 'jailer of Saint Helena.' A waiter at the Inn, who was serving refreshments to

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the guests in front, overheard this conversation. He did not quite understand it, for he was a Greek with an imperfect knowledge of Italian, which the two Austrians spoke. Believing that he had discovered a conspiracy against Hudson Lowe, he hastened to inform one of the men stopping at the tavern, a Doctor Garriri, who just at the moment chanced to be drinking coffee with an English nobleman who was lodging at the same house. That gentleman, considering the information serious, at once wrote a note to Commodore Hamilton, which he sent by a special harbor boat to the Cambrian. He then went personally to Rizzi's establishment.

It was now about eleven o'clock at night. Everybody was asleep. The English nobleman, dramatic and self-important, awakened Sir Hudson Lowe to tell him that his life was in danger, and then, pistol in hand, interrogated the proprietor. The latter said at once that he knew nothing of any conspiracy. When the English lord, with a tragic frown, cross-examined him regarding every one of his guests, Rizzi replied that they were all peaceable gentlemen whom he personally knew. As the Englishman kept insisting, Rizzi suddenly fancied that he had discovered a key to the riddle, and gave him a complete history of the innocent scandal for which old Mr. Parvy had been responsible a few hours before. Just then a detachment of sailors from the Cambrian, sent by Commodore Hamilton, arrived. Hudson Lowe retired again somewhat disturbed.

The next day, Sunday, April 2, the British consul and Commodore Hamilton presented themselves solemnly at the French consulate, demanding that David should stop the scandalous conduct of his employees, and guarantee the safety of their distinguished British guest. In view of the very delicate relations then existing between England and France, David felt it his duty to order Parvy arrested, and began an investigation.

Next day there was another development. A little French merchant vessel, the Louis-Antoine, anchored in the harbor of Smyrna, not far from the Cambrian. Having luckily escaped from the Corsairs who infested the archipelago, the captain of the vessel ordered the loaded arms, which he carried in case of a possible attack, to be discharged. The sailors carelessly aimed some of their guns in the direction of the British ship, which was struck eight times. A spent bullet swept the battery and cut the ropes. It happened by an unfortunate mischance that Hudson Lowe was aboard when this occurred. This aroused strong suspicions of a conspiracy. The consul succeeded, however, in convincing the angry English that the Louis-Antoine had not entered the harbor until three o'clock that morning, and therefore could not be implicated with the incident of two days before.

Hudson Lowe was the first to realize that a mistake had been made, and on Wednesday he sent a consular employee to David, orally requesting that Parvy be pardoned. David stated that he greatly appreciated the act, but asked that it be confirmed in writing, which was not done. He furthermore said that, in any case, his clerk would be kept in confinement, as long as Lowe remained in Smyrna. The Jailer of Napoleon left on the next Friday. On Saturday Parvy was released, after seven days' detention. But he lost his position. So the incident seemed closed. However, a month later, David, who was now at his summer residence at Bournaba, received a vigorous letter from our *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, written in the absence of his chief, saying that the English ambassador had protested against the mild punishment inflicted by the French consul at Smyr-

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na upon Parvy, who had been guilty of grave insults to a high British functionary. The ambassador based his complaint upon a report he had received from the British Consul at Smyrna. He considered it a matter of such inportance that he felt called upon to notify the British Foreign Office. Since the Foreign Office would not fail to take the matter up with the French State Department, the consulate at Smyrna was asked to forward at once an explanation and justification.

David's first move was to have a vigorous settlement with his British colleague, who, after serving as the agent of Hudson Lowe's clemency, had sent such false reports to his ambassador at Constantinople. Werry excused himself by letter, in which he said that the ambassador certainly misunderstood him. A copy of this letter was at once dispatched to Paris, in order that the government might be in a position to reply at once to any demand made upon it by the British ambassador there.

While all this was going on, the unhappy Parvy was in desperate straits. He had lost his position, and he had five children to support. As a last resort he attempted to rehabilitate himself by a pitiful abjuration of the Bonaparte sympathies which he cherished in the bottom of his heart, and which had overflowed so violently that spring evening. He swore that he 'had never exhibited any attachment to the memory of the prisoner of Saint Helena,' and dwelt upon the fact that 'on the contrary every year he had written couplets for the celebration of the King's birthday.' David transmitted this appeal and the annexed testimony to Paris, but the following month he himself was suspended from his post and had other things to think about. His successor knew nothing of the incident, and died of fever a few months later. The eldest son, Victor Parvy, was promoted to second clerk of the consulate the following December. From that date onward the family sank back into the obscurity from which it so briefly emerged, and the consular archives are silent upon its later history.

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NAPOLEON III AND GERMAN UNITY

[Empress Eugénie stated in her will that she left no memoirs. However, Count Fleury, a trusted confidant of the Tuileries Court, has published a book based upon his personal recollections and memoranda written by Napoleon III, which affords a fairly satisfactory substitute for such memoirs. The following is a chapter from this volume, a German translation of which is about to appear at Leipzig.]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, April 13*
(Radical Liberal Daily)

I find in the Emperor's memoranda the following statement: 'It is now generally recognized that diplomacy failed to exorcise the threatened conflict in Central Europe in 1866, and that France adopted a policy of watchful waiting until the situation assumed a positive form, in order to intervene at the proper moment in behalf of justice and moderation. I am speaking here, of course, of the war between Prussia and Austria, which was the outcome of the war which Prussia and Austria fought against Denmark. Prussia knew from the beginning that it would be unsafe to venture into such a perilous struggle as that with Austria without the support or the neutrality of France. . . .

'Prussia's lightning victory astounded the world and made a deep impression in France. No one imagined that Prussia would win so easily. Quite the contrary. Most people thought that Austria would be victorious, and that the neutral powers of Europe would be called upon to restrain its excesses as a conqueror. But it turned out otherwise; we were called upon to keep Prussia within bounds. Our government newspapers were right in asserting that our wise moderation and influence were to be thanked for the fact that the victorious army halted before the gates of Vienna, that the integrity of Austrian territories was preserved, that the independence of the smaller South German states was maintained, and that certain concessions were secured for Denmark. Nevertheless, the terms of the Prague Treaty did not satisfy French public opinion. A militarist party had arisen in our country, which went so far as to urge me to declare war on Prussia while her forces were still upon the Danube. . . .

'Meantime, some reply must be made to the opposition deputies and newspapers, who charged the government with weakness and cowardice, and accused it of lacking courage to defend the true interests of France by force of arms. These were serious charges which, in our opinion, must not be allowed to remain unanswered, especially since it was so easy to prove them false. I replied that I supported the restoration of Great European powers, not out of weakness, but in response to my convictions; and declared with pride, that my policies and acts would have been applauded by the great man who had issued such sage counsels to his successors from his lonely island prison on Saint Helena. In private conversation at that time, and later at the opening of Parliament in 1867, I quoted the following words of Napoleon I: "One of my main purposes was to bring together and unite nations of similar character, who were geographically thrown upon each other, and who had been separated

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and mutilated by government intrigues and revolutions. Such a regrouping of nations will inevitably occur sooner or later through the force of necessity. I gave the first start to that process, and I do not believe that after my overthrow and the destruction of my system, any other kind of European balance of power is possible except such a grouping into great political unities as I described." The transformations which are now occurring in Italy and Germany all look toward realizing this broadminded and farsighted plan of eventually uniting all European states into a single confederation.

'In spite of all our efforts, we were unable to silence our unconvinced and obstinate opponents within and without the legislative chamber. The government was criticized on every hand because it had not at once declared war. Men said that our international policy was limited to accepting passively whatever situation arose, and asserted that our sins of omission had seriously impaired the prestige of France. Public opinion in our country was most unstable, alternating between joy over the destruction of the Treaty of 1815, and fear of the growing power of Prussia; it wished to preserve peace, and at the same time hoped to widen our territories by a war; it was enthusiastic over the liberation of Italy, and simultaneously perturbed at the dangers which threatened the Holy See. So our government had to be very explicit as to its policies. France could not follow an ambiguous course in such a crisis. If the important transformations just then occurring in Germany endangered her interests and threatened her power, that fact must be faced courageously, and whatever steps were necessary for our security must be taken. But if France lost nothing through these changes, she ought frankly to acknowledge the fact and to exert herself to the utmost to allay exaggerated uneasiness, and to refrain from unjustifiable criticism of men and acts, either at home or abroad, when such criticism was likely to create international friction and distrust and to embarrass the country in the course which it was resolved to follow. This is, in substance, the general line of thought which I impressed upon my foreign minister, and which was incorporated practically unchanged in a confidential circular sent to all our diplomatic representatives abroad.

'In further conversations with the same minister, I outlined certain additional ideas, which I believe were not included in the circular, but of which I still have memoranda, and therefore am able to record here. They indicate clearly my attitude at that time toward several other questions. I said that the Holy Alliance had leagued together against France after 1815 all European nations from the Urals to the Rhine. The German confederation then contained 80,000,000 people, with Austria and Prussia at its head. It reached from the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg to Trieste, from the Baltic to Trent, and surrounded us with an iron band strengthened by the five great military strongholds of the Confederation. Our own strategic situation though protected by nature, had been weakened by skillful territorial combinations. The whole military power of the Confederation could be concentrated against us at any moment. Austria and Germany had established themselves firmly on the Adige, and could, whenever necessary pour through the Alps to attack us on the south, while Prussia, set solidly on the Rhine, was the natural leader of all the North German states, which were incessantly striving toward political reorganization, and had been taught to regard France as the hereditary enemy of their national aspira-

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tions and the chief danger which threatened their existence. During all these years it had been impossible for us to make an alliance with any continental power except Spain. Italy was crushed to fragments, and powerless, so that she did not count as a great power. Prussia was neither solidly enough established nor independent enough to break with her old traditions. Austria had her hands full keeping her Italian possessions in subjection, and therefore had neither the leisure nor the inclination to ally herself with France. The long period of peace had deceived us into forgetting the perils ever hanging over us from these territorial arrangements and alliances, the full effect of which would not be visible until war occurred. But all men knew that France had repeatedly owed her deceptive safety solely to the fact that she had renounced the rôle which she ought properly to play in the world's affairs. The truth was that the three great Northern nations had for nearly forty years been arrayed against us as one man, ready at any moment to strike, bound together firmly by the memory of their former defeats and victories, by the similarity of their governments, by solemn treaties, and by a sentiment of distrust toward our liberal political institutions and our struggles forward toward a more progressive civilization.

'But what do we see to-day? The Northern coalition has broken. Europe has reverted to the policy of absolute freedom in making alliances. All nations are now at liberty to do what they please, to pursue unhindered the policy which best satisfies their individual interest. Greater Prussia has disentangled herself from its alliances with the other German states, and has become a guaranty for the independence of the German Fatherland. France should not delay recognizing this new situation. With a reassuring consciousness of her own marvelous unity and racial homogeneity, France cannot well oppose the great process of fusion which is now occurring across the Rhine. We should not show jealousy over this conspicuous manifestation of the principle of nationality, which we ourselves embody, and which we have traditionally championed in our relations with other governments. Now that Germany has attained the unity toward which she has so long aspired, her restlessness will cease and her old sentiment of hostility toward our country will gradually die out. By following the example of France in seeking national unity, she has taken a step which should draw us closer together and not separate us further from each other, as some people fear. I believe in the honorable friendship of Germany.'

The following quotations from the memoranda left by the Emperor Napoleon III were also written before 1870. I have selected them because they relate to the same topics as the preceding quotations and throw still further light upon the opinions therein expressed.

'Why is it that old ideas, which still influence the public mind, make many Frenchmen regard as their country's enemies, instead of its allies, nations which have now been freed from the influences and interests which made them our enemies, which are now rejoicing in a new national life, which are governed by the same principles as ourselves, and which share with us the progressive aspirations characterizing modern society? A more stable Europe, with territorial adjustments which give it greater national homogeneity, is a guaranty for the peace of the continent and can, under no circumstances, constitute a danger for France, as our critics would make us believe. . . .

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'I would fain lift our international policies out of t ıe narrow-hearted and petty ruts of an earlier age. I do not believe that the power of a nation is dependent on the weakness of its neighbors. A true balance of power must be based upon the true contentment of all European peoples. I am expressing here merely convictions which I have always held, and am repeating what have been the traditional principles governing the policy of the Imperial family. Napoleon I foresaw the changes which have now occurred in the map of Europe, and he sowed the seed of the new nationalities when he created a kingdom of Italy in the Apennine peninsula, and wiped out some two hundred and fifty little independent states in Germany. It was thus that the Great Emperor played the proud rôle of the world's arbiter, a rôle which was by no means without honor; for he ended useless bloodshed, moderated by his all-compelling intervention the passions of the victors, softened the suffering of defeat, and, even in the midst of manifold obstacles, frequently succeeded in maintaining peace. I would be fatally misconceiving my rôle in the Europe of to-day, had I broken my promise of neutrality and suddenly precipitated France into a fearful and uncertain war — into one of those frightful struggles which spring out of race hatred, where a whole people rises as a single man to crush a rival nation equally united.

'During the same year — 1867 — I seized the opportunity offered by several private and public incidents to advocate the same point of view, expressing myself still more explicitly in connection with Prussia. On one occasion I said: "In spite of the declarations of the government, which has never wavered in its attitude of peace, the idea has become current that every change in the domestic organization of Germany must be made a source of friction and hostility between France and Prussia. We should do our best to suppress this false conception. France is ready to accept of its own accord the changes which have occurred across the Rhine, and to declare that we do not intend to intervene in political developments there which harmonize with the expressed wishes of the people of all the German states, so long as those events do not directly threaten our interests and our honor." That was a plain statement, and left no doubt as to my personal attitude toward these mighty events. I may add that my views in these matters were shared by more than one thoughtful person in my intimate circle, although some of them later changed their minds.'

The last lines appear to have been added by the Emperor after the Franco-German War. The two following extracts may have been written prior to 1870, but apparently they were revised later.

'The very critics who would have blamed me most if I had resorted to arms at that time — I refer naturally to the time of the Prussian-Austrian War — were the most open in expressing their disapproval and resentment at the political developments I describe above. In a word, they would have blamed me if I had made war, and they blame me now because I did not make war! . . . Thiers was one of those inconsistent men who always found fault with me and my policy. His ideas on this subject are best exhibited in a speech which he made in the Chamber of Deputies in March, 1867. In that speech, which was eagerly read both at home and abroad, this caustic opponent of the Second Empire declared that the victory of Königgrätz was the severest blow to French prestige which the

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country had suffered since the disastrous days of the invasion of 1814; that the existence of another great power on the frontier of France was incompatible with the security of France; that after we had committed the first blunder of passively assisting the erection of a united state of 23,000,000 people beyond the Alps (Savoy), we had committed the still greater blunder of permitting Prussia to extend its powers and its territories, until the German Confederation was now one of the most powerful political combinations in Europe. We should have reason to regret this as soon as France was forced to mobilize its armies in order to defend the independence of the small German states which Prussia was planning to subjugate. This speech was received by the whole Chamber with enthusiastic applause. But it is always very easy to harp on the alleged weakness of any moderate international policy. Such criticism can hardly justify itself when coming from the mouth of men like Thiers, who at the very moment when the last war — the War of 1870 — was on the point of being declared, threw their whole influence into the scale to prevent a thoroughgoing reorganization of the army. If they were so opposed to our taking the field in 1870, would they not have opposed it still more had we done so in 1866? I believe there can be no doubt as to that, and consequently I do not attach much weight to their reproaches.

'Another public man of the same type, Jules Favre, went even further than Thiers, for he stated publicly: "We should not only have vetoed Prussia's ambition in 1866, but above all, we should have attacked both Prussia and Austria when they made their joint campaign against Denmark."'

Several years after Napoleon wrote down these statements, he said to me, as we were conversing regarding Thiers and Favre, and the general subject with which we have just been dealing: 'After the overthrow of the empire, Thiers and Favre took much credit to themselves for the consistently peaceful policy they advocated in their speeches just before the time the War of 1870 broke out. It suited them very well to forget their earlier declarations. The truth is, that, prior to 1870, Thiers had continually harped upon the inevitability of a war with Prussia. In his opinion it was merely a question of seizing the proper moment for our attack. I believe one cannot too strongly condemn his conduct, which consisted in constantly proclaiming that France had been humiliated, that the battle of Königgrätz was a second Waterloo, and that we must now give up all hope of again rehabilitating ourselves in the eyes of the world. Thiers and Favre took the lead in preaching on every conceivable occasion that Prussia was a standing threat to our Rhine frontier. It indicates a profounder misunderstanding of the French temperament than these gentlemen could have been guilty of, to excite the nation to a veritable paroxysm of outraged patriotism, and then suddenly call upon that nation to subdue its anger and to sheath its sword. Or was all this merely a stratagem of the opposition, which violated every rule of prudence and the plain demands of political honesty?

'Let me add here, that our journalists and other writers joined in these attacks. They are typified by the views of the well-known publicist, Prévost Paradol, who said to a member of the Court circle, and wrote in one of the most widely read books published at that time:

"The more one ponders on the subject, the more convinced one becomes that our love of peace, our temperate public policy, the honest endeavors

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of our government, and all similar influences taken together, will not prevent a collision between France and steadily expanding Prussia. For our country is hemmed in by its natural frontiers, and has no prospect of being able to increase its population or its territories. Our relative decline will put our political and military pride to a hard test." Then Paradol summarized the whole matter in the following words: "France must reconcile itself to becoming a power of the second rank, or she must fight."'

RUSSIAN SELF-PORTRAYAL

[The three short articles which we print below are taken from recent Bolshevist newspapers. The first, purporting to be the conversation of an immigrant returning from America, appeared in 'Krasnaya Gazeta' of February 4, over the name M. Rappeport. The second is a translation of a letter written by a peasant, Frol Silin, to the Moscow 'Bednota,' a publication of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party, and appeared in the issue of January 16. It is a remarkable example of an outspoken protest against some of the conditions which have forced the Bolshevist authorities to reverse their policy toward the agricultural classes. The last article, intended as a protest against public markets, is from the 'Krasnaya Gazeta' of December 29, and was signed 'Citizen Port-Yansky.']

I

His yellow knitted sports cap, new overcoat, double-breasted coat of dark-brown wool, well-creased trousers of 'mixed goods,' and shiny yellow laced boots, made him very conspicuous in the group of applicants before a table in the Provincial Land Division.

When the peasant woman, wrapped in a peasant's coat and a warm kerchief, who was asking about certain kinds of cows, and the bearded old peasant, who 'has simply got to go back to-day,' have left the table, he hands in his small white questionnaire sheet.

He is an 'American,' a Russian workman who has come from America and wishes to find farm work in a village.

'Do you want to go to the soviet of Economy at "Byezabotnoye," six versts from the station?' they ask him.

He begins to speak in English, but immediately corrects himself and says through his teeth: 'All right, I'll go.'

He is a native of Pskov province, and has been in America since 1910. He was for a short time in Argentina; then he worked in the state of Washington, and last of all he was a farm hand near Detroit.

'I was deported to Russia,' he says. 'Of the three hundred of us who have just come, only twenty were deported by the American authorities. The rest all returned of their own free will, having registered to come back to Russia as early as April, 1920. Many of them owned homes in America, and even automobiles; but they sold everything when the chance was offered to return to their fatherland.

'The longing to go back to Russia is very strong among all Russian workmen. Their homeward migration has been particularly noticeable since the beginning of 1920, when all the Communist workmen's papers and magazines in America were suppressed.

'One of the most popular of these was the weekly *Novy Mir*, which reprinted from Russian newspapers articles by

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Comrades Lenin and Trotzky, and also the regulations and decrees of the Soviet government. But this paper had a sad fate — the authorities not only closed it down, but they hired ruffians who broke its printing-press, melted its type, and burned its stock of paper. Now this journal comes out secretly at irregular intervals, once in a month and a half to two months.'

The man speaks with pauses, in which he often protrudes his lower lip and screws up his mouth, and his mobile shaven face changes sharply.

'I 'm used to a pipe,' he says, 'but I lost it on my passage over. I 'll get accustomed to cigarettes.'

'They arrested me at home after the raid on a large workmen's meeting. Almost all the Russian workmen joined the Communist organizations there, and they have put new life into the labor movement in America.'

'They took us all to Ellis Island, called by us "the island of tears," and put us in prison there.'

'They told us that they were going to send us all back to Russia. We were very glad. We thought we would start at once, but they kept us there four months, and in July, 1920, they let us out under the supervision of the police, warning us to be ready any day to leave for our native land. Each week we reported at headquarters that we were still in the city. We could n't get work anywhere, but none of us thought of running away to another city, as we all longed to get back to Russia.

'So here we are at last, coming via Liverpool, Germany, and Libau. Of course, everything here has gone up in price terribly. But even in America, where there is plenty of everything, the high cost of living is very hard on the workmen.

'These shoes' — he raised his leg a little — 'have gone up in price, in comparison with peace times, six hundred times, and my overcoat and suit more than that.

'Right now in America there is unemployment, which is increasing every month, so many factories are closed.' (He speaks with emphasis now.) 'The workmen are getting in a tight place — many of them are going back to their former homes in Europe.'

'And are there tools, comrade, on this estate?' he asks his fellow workman of the Provincial Land Division.

'Of course,' is the reply; 'there is everything that is necessary for work.'

'And do they plow there, and sow, and do they bind the sheaves? And do they still hold the village festivals?' the 'American' continued. It was evident that he found it pleasant to recall the manner of life in his native Russian village which he had so long ago abandoned.

'So now you will start off and work on the land?' says a peasant who has come up to the table. 'Perhaps you have got out of the habit.'

'That won't matter. I 'll follow the plow,' drawlingly replies the American, and his weathered face is illuminated with a broad, kindly smile.

II

The Soviet government boasts that it has given the peasants thirty million dessiatines of land. But we say to this: 'What good do we get out of this land, if everything the land produces with our labor is taken away from us?'

Thus we got the land, but have been fixed to it like serfs.

In the days of serfdom, as the old people tell us, the peasants lived better than they do now. Now we have slavery, not freedom.

We shall not join the farm commune, because that 's like going into barracks, where a man cannot dispose of himself at all.

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In short, the peasant never lived worse than under the Bolsheviki.

Formerly, when we had all sorts of state duties and had to pay all kinds of taxes, an average peasant would have to pay ten or twelve roubles a year. Such a tax was not a burden for anybody.

The peasant used to pay this tax out of his other work than raising grain. In our locality, a peasant used to raise flax, and that brought him money, so that the grain he raised he could use for food. He had enough fodder for his cattle, made butter and cheese, and generally lived in peace and prosperity.

Now the peasant works as hard as he can, but all he raises is taken away from him, so that he is half starved. In the fall he is compelled to deliver all his grain to the government stations, and at the end of the spring he has to exchange his wife's petticoat or his own trousers for a pood of seed.

All these are facts.

With the cattle it is still worse. The hay they leave us is very poor and there is n't enough of it. Yet they demand milk and butter from the starved cow and work from the half-living horse. This is revenge; this is tyranny over ignorant peasants.

We believe that the authorities must know that you cannot get milk from a starving cow, or work from a starving horse. Yet they requisition milk from a peasant who has seven children and only one cow. If he fails to give it, then he is deprived of salt, matches, and the like, and is forced to cart wood. Is n't this Egyptian slavery?

A peasant is paid from fifty to seventy roubles a pood for his grain, and then the government itself sells this grain to another poor peasant for twice the amount. A peasant gets sixty roubles for a pood of grain, and has to pay seventy roubles for a bottle of kerosene. The government pays the peasant thirty roubles a pood for raw leather, and then charges him hundreds and thousands of roubles for some little articles of manufacture. In short, the government pays the peasant very little and charges him high prices for every trifle. In former times nobody would look at such goods as are now furnished us, let alone buy them.

If you want a plow, you have to pay 3500 rubles for it. That means that you have to sell fifty poods of rye to buy one plow. Formerly, you could get a plow for the price of five or six poods of grain. Is this your truth? Your requisitions and confiscations have ruined the peasant entirely, in everything he is doing.

We know that our voice will not be heard and that only we peasants can help and save ourselves, but we still try through the editors of the *Bednota* to tell of our troubles and wishes.

III

Syennaya market, which was on the edge of the grave, has unexpectedly revived and is now busier than ever. Today it is the principal place for speculation in Petrograd. To be sure, its life is one of perils and alarms, but happy and boisterous.

One reaches this den of illegal gains by a narrow street. Singly and in groups, which are crowded into a compact mass, the crowd flows uninterruptedly along two approaches, — Demidovsky and Spassky streets, — comes together in a sea, spreads out in a broad stream around the covered market, and again trickles away into the adjacent streets and alleys. Free trade is at its height.

A battered, bulging trunk attracts two or three customers. The little group grows, suddenly expands into a crowd.

'How much, how much?' Heads are curiously thrust forward toward the trunk.

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'Thirsty kosy' ('slanting ones,' 1000 roubles notes). And suddenly the crowd bursts like a soap-bubble, and disappears together with the trunk. The goods are sold.

A minute goes by, then more goods appear. The crowd is recast; it changes its physiognomy, its individuals, its costumes, its age. But the trunks are always the same. Like servants from the infernal regions they glide in for a moment, then suddenly vanish. There are trunks that are respectable, decent, conceited, luxurious, expensive, and important, and others that are worried, peaceful, or cowardly.

'Yeast, yeast!' The shrill jangle of many children's voices jars upon one in an irritating manner. 'Sapho, Zephyr, Sapho,' they call their cigarettes.

The youngsters are not afraid, they scream, make a racket, turn somersaults under your feet, play pranks, haggle over goods, 'speculate in specialties,' such as tobacco, cigarettes, matches.

'Everything for smoking, everything for smoking!' Flocks of young ones fly at you.

'You ought to be studying something,' I say to a little brat, 'instead of wandering about here.'

'I want cakes, comrade, and they don't give them to me in school.'

'But what will become of you? You 'll grow up a fool. Do you understand?'

'Of course I understand. Our generation understands everything.'

'Well, then, go home and go to school.'

'That's an idea. But what good is your school to me?'

The crowd of merry children sends after me a shout of laughter. Of what use really is school? Is not this market itself a school?

Suddenly there is the sound of whistles. This magic sound has hardly reached the quickest ear before the market at once becomes agitated. The waves of speculators become tempestuous and break up in confusion, jostle one another; trunks collide with baskets; everywhere there is alarm, uproar, running. Customers clutch their goods. Speculators lose packages of money, paper roubles roll into the snow, and are pitilessly trampled upon by the escaping mob.

Trading has stopped at once; and the disorder subsides little by little. The mass pursuit has been followed by isolated searching and arrests. A low but deep murmur passes around the market: 'The Red Guards — they are coming, they are catching us.' And again uproar: 'They have taken them away.'

'Let me go! Let me go!' screams a bold peasant woman. 'For the sake of the holiday! I bought it for the children for the holiday!'

'You are selling, not buying!'

'Let me go for the sake of my children!' shrieks another. 'I took the last apple out of the hands of my little children, it had to go for bread.' But a few minutes later there appears from under her skirt one, then a second, then a dozen apples. And the sly peasant continues her lively trade.

The market again lives. It has passed its crisis. Trade is once more in full swing.

After this 'breaking-up' Syennaya spreads out even more broadly; it has grown in all directions. In the course of a day the market experiences periods of ebb and flow. Now the ranks grow thin, now masses crowd together. And every instant, every moment, the colors change.

The speculator is clever at inventions. He uses every situation for his own trading interest. The speculator is able to vanish mysteriously whenever it is necessary, and at the same time he is omnipresent.

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'Sell me what you are carrying, what you have for sale.'

He does not let a single passerby get past him.

'No, I won't sell, I bought it myself. Don't worry me, I'm tired of you.'

The speculator does not listen. 'I'll sell to some one cheap.' He continues his march.

When need be, the speculators of Syennaya cease to be entirely lost, godless, hopeless people. They trade and also think about the day of judgment. For the saving of their souls they resort to a monastery on the corner of Demidovsky, which gathers in generous offerings from the speculators, from the heartless men and women who trade on the people's hunger. They feast at their shameless banquets; they dance their mad dance. It is time the authorities laid a harsh, pitilessly heavy hand on them, and cut short their noisy whistle-dance.

VICTORIA, 'THE MOBLED QUEEN'

BY H. W. M.

[*The following article is a review of Mr. Lytton Strachey's recently published 'Queen Victoria.' Chatto and Windus, 15s*]

From *The Athenæum, April 16*
(English Literary Weekly)

It is impossible to read Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* without feeling that for our generation the Victorian age, for all its nearness of time, has almost completely disappeared from view. To the true Georgian it is not merely remote; it is incredible. Its statesmen are not statesmen, nor its poets poets; and the faces of its men and women seem hardly more real than figures on a sampler, or a drawing-room 'set' at Madame Tussaud's.

If this is true of the age, it is equally true of the Queen. Within twenty years of her death, the robust and characteristic figure of Victoria has faded to the colorlessness of Anne. Mr. Strachey has, literally, to recreate her; and if the result is a historical study of less than the traditional seriousness, one may blame a little the author's abundant gift of the Comic Spirit, but still more the extraordinary difference between his age and hers. Observing the latter through his Gulliver's glass, Mr. Strachey is unable to keep a straight face. He can only regard it *sub specie absurditatis*. If such people could be conceived as ever existing, it must have been on a floating island, or in a country where horses ruled men.

And if the age in which we live has changed in spiritual texture from that on which Victoria bestowed her simple affections, it is so altered politically that if her ghost could revisit it for an hour, it would shriek and fly away again. Everything is gone. Nominally, her grandson's throne is the only great monarchy left in Europe. In reality,

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and in Mr. Lloyd George's hands, England has become almost a plebiscitary republic.

It was coming to that before she died, much to her discomfort. For the Queen never possessed more than a tincture even of her moderately progressive times. She was a George III who knew when to stop, and had fundamental roots of common sense and good feeling unknown to the two 'nasty old men' who preceded her.

But in policy there never was a real link between the Queen and the nation. Public opinion in the England of her early reign was pro-Dane and pro-Italian; the Queen was pro-Prussian and pro-Austrian. The nature and balance of the Constitution were laid down in 1688. The Queen cared nothing for the Constitution of 1688. She and the Stockmar-Leopold-Coburg combination wanted the monarch to preside over the Cabinet Councils and to control foreign affairs, as the Kaiser controlled them in 1914, over the heads both of Parliament and the Foreign Minister. It happened that when the nation was Jingo she was the greatest Jingo in it. But that was a coincidence. The Queen remained a high Tory when England was Liberal; a European Imperialist when it was revolutionary or nationalist. Her people called General Haynau 'General Hyæna,' and tried to mob him in the streets of London; she bitterly resented the insult to a 'distinguished soldier.' She supported only those ministers she liked; and when Prince Albert died, that able 'German Prince' stood with her on the steps of an English absolutism.

Most of her personal predilections in politics were for the ogres of Liberalism. The slippery Napoleon fascinated her; she was awestruck at the cruel Nicholas and thought him the greatest potentate on earth. At home her favorites were men of the Right or the reaction. She hated Gladstone and cared little for Peel; adored Melbourne and Beaconsfield; refused Bright a Privy Councillorship, and forbade the offer of Cabinet rank to Cobden. She wanted a second war with Russia, and threatened to abdicate if Disraeli denied it her. She gloried in the Austrian victory at Novara, and spoke of it as if it were a second Waterloo. Europe to her was a few thrones and thronelets, mainly German. In the mid-nineteenth century she would have restored the Duchies of Tuscany and Modena, and banished Victor Emmanuel to Sardinia — or Sardis. She was not merely undemocratic, she hated the very idea of democracy. Ministers were her ministers, not the people's; to the end of her life she regarded the army and its officers as the Varangian Guard of the House of Hanover.

Uncle Leopold and Stockmar had fixed the Queen's political ideas for her, and her temperament was naturally and deeply conservative. But it was susceptible. She was a woman, and it fell to her lot to come under the personal sway of three powerful men. The first, Lord Melbourne, a cynic and a charmer, gave to her the last of his romantic emotions and the *débris* of his kind, perverse, and unfruitful intellect. Mr. Strachey describes this early and thrilling episode in the Queen's life in the most delicately painted portrait of his book: —

> Cherished by the favor of a sovereign and warmed by the adoration of a girl, the autumn rose, in those autumn months of 1839, came to a wondrous blooming. The petals expanded, beautifully, for the last time. For the last time in this unlooked-for, this incongruous, this almost incredible intercourse, the old epicure tasted the exquisiteness of romance. To watch, to teach, to restrain, to encourage the royal young creature beside him — that was much; to feel with such a constant intimacy the impact of her quick affection, her radiant vitality — that was more; most of all, perhaps, was it good

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to linger vaguely in humorous contemplation, in idle apostrophe, to talk disconnectedly, to make a little joke about an apple or a furbelow, to dream. The springs of his sensibility, hidden deep within him, were overflowing. Often, as he bent over her hand and kissed it, he found himself in tears.

The seductive Melbourne did his devastating work. He was delightful, but he was dangerous. He broadened the young Queen's mind, fed her pride, and intoxicated her fancy. But he was too idle, and too much of a Whig, to train her for what would have been her task had not England been England, and its constitution a limited Monarchy.

That business was reserved for Albert, the pupil of Stockmar, and an undeniable prig, one of the ablest and best of his kind. Mr. Strachey, in a long, ironical, and admiring portraiture of this remarkable man, laments that the Queen's adoration turned him into a piece of 'impeccable waxwork,' and thereby made it impossible for the average Englishman to do anything but loathe him. But the real trouble was that Albert was a German, and that he found dancing, fox-hunting, pleasure-mad England at once too dull and too frivolous. So he set to work to govern it and its Queen, and to turn the latter into the model of what he and Stockmar conceived that an All-highest Sovereign ought to be.

For a time all went well. The Royal pair, setting to work at adjacent writing-tables, did powerful team-work. Victoria had her queenhood, her affectionate, imitative will, her vital and passionate temperament; Albert, his intellect and his gift for writing memoranda in the German manner. Between them they turned out Palmerston, and secured that the foreign dispatches should be submitted to the Queen, and should go out in the form in which she had approved them. But nothing happened. The country merely got angry, and Palmerston soon came back again. In the meantime Russell went on supporting Italy instead of Austria. Albert's wishes for the good of the world and the restraint of the British Constitution were never forgotten, and Palmerston used to say that he found the dead Prince Consort more difficult to deal with than the living one. But the fate of England was to burn Prussianism, not to adore it.

When the Prince died of typhoid, complicated with overwork, with some heart-sorrow and disappointment, and a little, maybe, with a visit to Cambridge, where the young Prince of Wales's conduct, says Mr. Strachey, called for a 'parental admonition,' he left his memory to an unforgetting lover. His policy lay buried in his grave.

There came, indeed, an Indian summer for the Queen, a brief and unreal hour of exhilaration. In the Liberal period she almost disappeared. In such a world there was nothing for her to do but to fight Liberal measures and see them pass into law. Lonely and unpopular, and living in the past, a place was reserved for her in the last of Disraeli's works of imaginative fiction. Mr. Buckle's concluding volume has given a sufficiently frank picture of how the Oriental adventurer found his way to her heart. Flattery was the weapon with which he habitually marched to battle with the sex. He was a charlatan, and the Queen's intelligence, reliable in the simpler matters of the soul, lay open to what Mr. Strachey calls the 'rococo allurement.' The last romance was the least beautiful, though Dizzy rose to it as the singer to his swan-song, the artist to the supreme, the intoxicating, draft on his imagination: —

He realized everything — the interacting complexities of circumstance and character, the pride of place mingled so inextricably

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with personal arrogance, the superabundant emotionalism, the ingenuousness of outlook, the solid, the laborious respectability, shot through so incongruously by temperamental cravings for the colored and the strange, the singular intellectual limitations, and the mysteriously essential female element impregnating every particle of the whole. A smile hovered over his impassive features, and he dubbed Victoria 'the Faery.'

The Beaconsfield hallucination did not work well for England. Through her adoring friendships the Queen kept the impress of her primitive self, and when, in the Russian episode, the supple Jew thought to turn her back to prudence and moderation, the flattered woman broke bounds, and outran and defied his counsels. Her Grand Vizier's rollicking fancy figured the dumpy little Queen as a kind of she Haroun-al-Raschid. But it was her native self that finally reconciled her to her people.

Albert was beyond them. The Queen could fill the land with his statues and plaster Balmoral with tartans, including the 'Balmoral tartan' 'designed by the Prince' and the 'Victorian tartan, with a white stripe, designed by the Queen.' They thought it peculiar. When he died, she erected her pompous Memorial, and they thought it beautiful, but queer. She fought Palmerston, and they made that eminent Copper Captain into a patron saint of England. She deified Beaconsfield, and at the first General Election they threw him out of power.

But when her woman's heart, the fresh and spontaneous part of her, carried homespun comfort to the bereaved of the blazing mine and the foundered ship, it opened for her a path to the affections of British folk that only closed with her death. With one or two exceptions — such as the intervention for American and later on for European peace — Victoria's political career was a blunder. It could never have succeeded; had it done so it would have been a crime. She had no head for politics: the very reverse of Elizabeth, she loved and hated like a woman, not like a ruler of states, with a mind fixed on public expediency. But this was rightly judged to be accidental. She had advisers, and in the end they governed England. But there was still a sense in which she lived for it. In her soul, the Queen did not belong to Leopold, or Stockmar, or the muddled ambitions which tempted her woman's pride, or lured her unsophisticated intelligence. She belonged to a country which was neither of the Court, nor the upper ten, nor even her beloved middle-class; but a breed of men and women as simple as herself, whom she loved and sympathized with, and to whom, in her and their hour of joy or grief, she talked in language they could understand.

It is of this simple humanity of the Queen that, while intellectually aware of it, Mr. Strachey, in his witty judgment of her eccentricities, fails to take due account. He is a master of color rather than of spiritual analysis; he is a little the slave of his aristocratic humor, and so it happens that through the carefully laid net of his irony, the humble essence of the Queen's nature sometimes escapes him. Victorianism *was* absurd; as absurd, maybe, as Mr. Strachey's brilliant summary of the events which, in the memory of the dying Queen, may reflect its homeliness: —

Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history — passing back, through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories — to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield — to Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in

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through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm-trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great, old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

Absurd, but human. Not a great deal of the 'Faery,' but something of the common grain and universal dust.

UNPUBLISHED IBSEN LETTERS

[*The voluminous correspondence of Henrik Ibsen was published some years ago, covering the life of the Norwegian dramatist, in his various moods, from the days of his early discouragements and battles for literary recognition, to the time when the world acknowledged his craftsmanship and did him honor. Recently, however, there have been discovered three letters by the Scandinavian iconoclast which add to the present knowledge of how Ibsen rose from obscurity to fame. 'Morgenbladet,' the leading Norwegian newspaper of Christiania considered them such a literary find that they were given the leading position on the first page of its issue of last December 3. As far as is known, this is the first publication of this Ibsen correspondence, in English, including comment by 'Morgenbladet' as to the significance of each letter in reference to the recipient. The letters have for many years been in the possession of a private collector.*]

I

DRESDEN, *January* 13, 1870.

HERR DR. ROSENBERG: —

Yesterday I answered Count Hamilton's letter. Unfortunately, at the present moment I have no contribution of any particular value that I can send him. However, I enclosed a little piece in case it should happen some time or other that an unoccupied half a page had to be filled. I further told him that later on I would send him some little things from Egypt, providing such matter is suitable for the periodical.

I thank you heartily for your review of *The League of Youth* which Hegel has sent me, and no less for your kind lines. I am thinking of coming to Copenhagen in the summer; I hope then to greet you personally and talk to you about the many things in which we are mutually interested. When I think of you all up there at home, who year in and year out stand arrayed in battle, I am ashamed of myself. But I feel at the same time that I am not fit to fight in any other way than I am doing.

To-day we have the Knut festival; this evening I shall remember all brave warriors in a good glass of punch, and with this I sign myself.

Yours respectfully,

HENRIK IBSEN.

This letter is addressed to the Danish historian and political writer, C. F. V. M. Rosenberg (1829–1885). He was an enthusiastic adherent of the political Scandinavianism, and from 1866 to 1870 collaborator in G. K. Hamilton's *Nordisk Tidskrift* (Northern Periodical). It was in that capacity, apparently, that Rosenberg and Hamilton asked Ibsen for a contribution. The 'little piece' that Ibsen, with this altogether too great modesty, mentions as a filler

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for a possible half page in the magazine was the famous verse

'Orpheus struck with purest tones, spirit in wild beasts.'

In this first publication of the poem, however, which Ibsen had written in Rome four years before, the word soul (*sjael*) appears instead of spirit. The 'little things from Egypt' that he speaks of in the letter were never delivered to *Nordisk Tidsskrift*. In a number of contemporaneous letters Ibsen mentions that during his travels in Egypt, and specially when invited to witness the opening of the Suez Canal, he kept a very exact diary, and he intimates that he will utilize this material for the purpose of publication. This he never did, but on the other hand, in his 'Balloon Letter' (*Ballonbrevet*) he worked his Egyptian impressions into ringing poetic coinage.

II

MUNICH, *November* 18, 1876.

DEAR LASSEN: —

I am sending you herewith a play by a young Bergensian author in whom I am much interested, and who I believe is very promising. You may know his sketches, *From City Life;* you will at least recall that when they were published last Christmas they were received with great favor. If you can find that the enclosed play is available for the Christiania Theatre it would be a piece of good fortune for the young man, who at the present time is here and intends to go to Rome. True enough, it is the work of a beginner and as such reveals many faults. But undoubtedly it shows talent and earnest effort. I will ask you to send your answer, or that of the directors, to me, and I shall dispatch it further. I hope it will be such as to give joy to the one concerned. Gyldendahls will soon publish a new story by him; he has also published a volume of poems. Should your dramaturgic conscience permit you to favor him, do so!

Yours in all friendliness,

HENRIK IBSEN.

Hartvig Lassen was artistic adviser, and censor at the Christiania Theatre from 1873 to 1878. The unnamed young author whom Ibsen recommends with such warmth to the good graces of Lassen is John Paulsen. In 1876, while in Munich, Paulsen looked up Ibsen, who immediately showed him his sympathy. A few months following the letter, in April, 1877, after Paulsen had gone to Rome, Ibsen wrote to the Norwegian authorities recommending that Paulsen receive one of the State's art scholarships, which was granted the following year.

The play that Ibsen mentions must be a work entitled *Olsen*, which, however, never was published in Norwegian. Nor did it ever come to a performance at the Christiania Theatre. Either Lassen found he could not recommend it, or else, the management simply refused it. However, it was performed in Sweden in 1880 under the title of *A Sin of Youth*, and during the following years it was played at a number of theatres in Germany under the names of *Hearts of Women* and *Falkenstroem and Sons*.

III

ROME, *January*, 23 1883.

HERR HERMAN BANG: —

If I have waited until to-day before answering your letter it is because I took it for granted that a direct communication to me from the management of the Casino Theatre was on the way, and I wished to await this.

However, such a communication has not yet arrived. On the other hand, I received this morning a telegram from

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Justitsraad Hegel to the effect that the Casino Theatre awaits an answer regarding *Ghosts*.

But before a definite answer can be made it is necessary that the management get into touch with me. There is in this matter much that must be arranged; many conditions must be made clear; certain doubts that I may have, it will be necessary to convince me are unfounded.

To express myself in greater detail regarding this matter I consider untimely so long as I do not know for certain that it is the theatre management itself that desires to give the piece a stage presentation.

With sincere thanks for the kindly interest which you have shown this work of mine, I sign myself,

Your especially obliged,
HENRIK IBSEN.

As is known, *Ghosts* came out in 1881, and Ibsen sent it to the three leading theatres in the three Scandinavian capitals, but everywhere it was refused. At the time the above letter was written the play had not yet been performed anywhere. The *première* took place in Helsingborg, August 22, 1883, when it was acted by August Lindberg and his company. A few days later Lindberg produced *Ghosts* in the People's Theatre, Copenhagen, and it was not, therefore, as Herman Bang had wished, the Casino Theatre that, with himself as Oswald, had the honor of performing this famous play before the people of Copenhagen. Ibsen's anxiety and the formality and care that he showed in his letter undoubtedly were due to the earlier refusals and the storm that raged around the play from the moment it saw the light of day.

ANTI-SEMITISM, ZIONISM, AND SOCIALISM

BY O. JENSSEN

From *Leipziger Volkszeitung, April 2*
(MODERATE SOCIALIST DAILY)

WE witness the strange fact that even such a catastrophe as the war has not buried under its ruins the ideas which plunged us into that disaster. Nationalism, although condemned by its political fruits, still flourishes in Germany. Anti-Semitism and its natural reaction, Zionism, — both standing for the cult of race — are more rampant than ever. Although German Zionism seeks mainly to encourage the Jews of other countries to go to Palestine, it deepens the sentiment of race-exclusiveness, prevents the assimilation of the German Jews, and is an obstacle to internationalism.

We Socialists necessarily see all problems from the international point of view. This is particularly true of our attitude toward the Eastern Jews, among whom Zionism and phases of Socialism akin to Zionism, play an important rôle. The time has come to study critically the causes and prospects of both anti-Semitism and Zionism. We must clear the way for this by

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testing the race theories which underlie them. The word 'race' is very loosely used in popular discussion. Anti-Semitism has become allied in the innermost feelings of the proletariat with a protest against profiteering. It behooves us, therefore, first of all to define this term.

Karl Kautsky in his recent book, *Rasse und Judentum*, discusses this question scientifically and exhaustively. The writer, himself of Jewish blood, claims that the Jews, in view of their history for the past 2000 years, are neither a race nor a nation. Even the segregation of Jews in ghettos during the Middle Ages did not prevent race fusion. The rise of modern industry and of bourgeois democracy made inevitable the intermingling of the Jews with the people among whom they dwelt. They thereby lost many of the rites and customs which made them seem in ancient days a separate caste. Modern capitalism has given the Jews of to-day wide fields of activity for which their long confinement to commercial pursuits peculiarly fitted them. However, class divisions speedily spring up among the Jews themselves. Since they are isolated from the soil and have no peasantry, they have been rapidly modified by the violent modern changes in industry and city life. As we have seen during the recent war, the Jewish citizen of the modern state is often more patriotic than the natives. Only in the Far East, where historical conditions have preserved until to-day the conditions of the ghetto, is it possible to speak of a Jewish nation, although it is more proper to denominate the Jews even there as a caste which speaks a variant of German — Yiddish.

It is in studying the Eastern Jews that the difference between the Nationalist and the Socialist point of view is most obvious. Socialists seek to solve the Jewish question by joining the Jews and the rest of the proletariat in a fight for their common liberation. They want to see the ghetto abolished, and the Jews placed on complete political and social equality with their fellows. They look toward their speedy assimilation, and consider that this will do most to promote the labor movement. But the Zionists take the opposite view. They have no faith in the international class struggle. They dream of a Jewish state in distant Palestine, where, in olden times, a Jewish peasantry dwelled, but at no time in its history an industrial population of oppressed sweatshop workers and highly educated intellectuals. The Zionists do not recognize classes, but nations or races.

The aims and methods of Zionism are Utopian. Even were a Jewish state to be erected and succeed, it would be a class state. However, geographical conditions in Palestine do not permit the settlement there of millions of destitute Eastern Jews. The Holy Land no longer flows with milk and honey. Modern agriculture there demands vast and costly irrigation works. The Zionist colonies before the war were supported by generous subsidies from wealthy Western Jews, whose Zionism was not only a romantic dream, but a device for smoothing over class conflicts within their own people.

In discussing Zionism after the war, Kautsky shows how prejudicial that event has been for the economic success of a Jewish state in Palestine. To-day the cost of irrigation works and houses and roads and railways has risen enormously. The rich rivers of charity from Western Europe have nearly dried up. Jewish capitalists can no longer indulge in Zionism as a luxury. Palestine has been still further impoverished by the devastation of the war. The campaigns fought there revealed the fact, moreover, that a majority of the Jewish residents of the Jordan valley are not

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industrious peasants, but holy vagrants, who live on the bounty of pious Jews elsewhere.

The Zionists have, indeed, secured the protection of the English government and the League of Nations for their Jewish state. But the Arabs and the Bedouins already in possession of the country will not welcome a large immigration of Jewish settlers. The Turkish defeat has immensely strengthened the national self-confidence and the belligerent enthusiasm of the Arabs. The people of Palestine will receive much support from their neighbors in Syria and Egypt. Consequently, the Jewish emigrants will encounter bitter resistance from the people already occupying the country, whose historical title is of more recent date than that of the Children of Israel. In case of Palestine, as in all other cases, what Prince Lichnovski said in St. Paul's church at Frankfurt, in 1848, is still true: 'Historical claims do not bear a date.'

Zionism is therefore Utopian, but it is the logical fruit of the misery of the Jews of Eastern Europe and of anti-Semitism in Western Europe, particularly in Germany. The latter is a sentiment which has become epidemic since the war. It is a theory of the intellectual proletariat, especially the students, and lies at the foundation of the policy of the Conservatives and former National Liberals. Anti-Semitism may be due to various social causes. It voices the protest of the small farmers against exploitation by middlemen, the protest of the proletarian petty bourgeosie against modern industry and great capital, the reaction of politically ignorant and impractical academicians against their own proletarianization by the war. Unable to discover the real causes for the decline of their incomes, all brain-workers, whether students, physicians, teachers, or writers, attribute it to the competition of their Jewish colleagues. Impoverished civil servants, small shopkeepers, people living on a modest income, blindly rebel against the Jewish profiteer and the Jewish banker. They curse the Jews as they drink their beer together, contradicting themselves in their simultaneous contempt and overestimation of these people. Whatever they cannot explain in their present circumstances, they attribute to some quality of race.

The scientific error of the anti-Semite race theory, of which most anti-Semites are naturally ignorant, is overlooked on account of the ill-defined social classification of the people who entertain that theory. Moreover, they confound the laws of natural science with the laws of sociology. All the race peculiarities and race characteristics which are attributed to the Jews, reveal themselves on closer study as the product of the social conditions under which the Jews live and for the most part are compelled by force to live. They are class and trade characteristics, which may be observed in people of the same class and pursuits belonging to other races. Race traits are not unchangeable. Even the physiognomy of the Jews themselves is undergoing ceaseless modification, and comes to resemble insensibly that of the people among whom they live.

Unquestionably, Jews have many traits more highly emphasized than their class colleagues, but this is due to their historical environment. Those traits are petrified history, like the traits of their anti-Semite opponents. They tend to disappear as the Jews assimilate the surrounding language and civilization. They fade away with the ghetto; and soon vanish when the Jew occupies the same status as his fellow countrymen. Already the mixing of the two 'races' has occurred on a grand scale in Western Europe, without affect-

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ing the progress of the civilization of the countries where it has occurred. If anything, it has favored that progress. The real or alleged inferiority of mixed races is attributable to the social disabilities under which such races suffer.

Assimilation will not solve the Jewish question entirely, for it is, particularly among the Eastern Jews, a social question. The Russian revolution did away with the old Tsarist Jew policy. Educated Jews have become prominent leaders of the Bolsheviki and of the other Socialist parties in Russia. Fearful conditions still exist in Poland and in the Ukraine, as the late pogroms show. In spite of all that, the recent changes throughout these regions will cause the rapid dispersion of the Jews from their present areas of concentration over broad territories. The solution of the problem of the Eastern Jew will not come through Zionism but through the Russian revolution. Jewish laborers will little by little become small farmers and factory hands — part of the broader proletariat. Yiddish will be displaced by the national language of the country where the Jews reside, and the old Talmud culture will give way to modern international culture.

The class-conscious proletariat, which is the champion of every oppressed race, should foster the national disintegration among the Jews which capitalism has begun. The complete assimilation of the Jews will first occur in the Socialist state, which will abolish the existing class distinctions within that people and remove the confusion of thought upon social and political questions which nourishes anti-Semitism and Zionism. Brain-workers will no longer have occasion to fear the rivalry of their Jewish competitors. All will cooperate in the service of society as a whole. The economic isolation of the Jews will tend to disappear along with their matrimonial alliances controlled by motives of money and relationship.

During the present period of transition, anti-Semitism is used as an intellectual weapon against Socialism. It is now, as it always has been, the 'Socialism of the stupid.'. However, stupid people are just now uncommonly numerous. Great numbers have been impoverished by the war and cannot accommodate themselves to their new conditions. They refuse to recognize the facts. They scorn being ranked with the working-people whom they despise, and who earn more than they do. So they take their vengeance on the Jew, and make him guilty for their own misfortunes.

Anti-Semitism is a reactionary theory which is scientifically false and therefore cannot endure. It responds to a ready appeal to prejudice for which there is no antidote but education and social evolution.

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A NEW RACE THEORY

BY DR. ALFRED GRADENWITZ

[*'Frankfurter Zeitung' introduces this article with the following editorial note: 'Dr. Gradenwitz presents so many excellent ideas in the following discussion that we welcome the opportunity to publish it, although his introductory remarks upon materialization should still be strongly queried.'*]

Frankfurter Zeitung, March 20
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

IN the beginning was the thought. And the thought remains to-day the father of all things, not only in human action, but in nature, in history, in the destiny of the individual and in the destiny of nations. Thought creates forms in a far more direct way than our materialists imagine. It controls evolution and events. I propose to show that thoughts, that the mental operations of men have been an important, and perhaps the most important, force producing races. I do not undervalue the importance of heredity, but I insist that it is only one factor, and that its influence, great as it may be, is overtopped by the influence of mentality. In order to support this thesis, I shall bring forward three groups of arguments: first, proved facts of experience; second, the testimony of universal history; and third, recent experiments with certain remarkable phenomena. A person who rejects these phenomena because they are so novel that he cannot bring himself to accept them, will find my other evidence sufficient. However, I prefer to start out with this last group of proofs.

I mean the investigations of Dr. Von Schrenk-Notzing, made public shortly before the war, and the experiments of other scientists, — for instance, those recently made by the Paris physician, Dr. G. Geley. These gentlemen have submitted the much debated phenomena of mediumistic materialization to strictly scientific tests, which exclude all possibility of voluntary or involuntary deception, and which are recorded not only in the evidence of witnesses, but also permanently upon photographic plates. It has been shown that when a qualified medium is in a deep hypnotic trance, he or she can exude a fine plastic substance, organically part of the medium, capable of moving and of assuming form, indeed of taking on the shape of familiar persons. What the medium thinks or what is suggested to the medium from without, is directly expressed in the outlines this matter assumes.

These supernormal phenomena are in more than one respect remarkably analogous to certain normal phenomena with which we are all familiar. What we call normal is no less marvelous and unexplained than what we call supernormal. In either case, thought is not the product of matter, but its first cause. It is the thought, either of the individual or of some higher, all-embracing mind, which informs plastic matter, organizes it, and gives it life.

After this brief introduction, a few

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words as to what we mean by race. The average man's first thought is of the five primitive classes of men: the white black, red, yellow, and brown races. Our nationalist, on the other hand, makes race a fetish, an imaginary idol, which he worships, and in the name of which he believes that any crime against the rest of humanity is not only permitted, but is meritorious. Scientists make of races, for the most part, card-index headings, under which they group people with certain skull measurements.

Are the differences in races so profound as to destroy the brotherhood of mankind? Are they on the other hand so superficial that they can be grouped under card-index headings? Men of common sense will naturally say that races are neither of these things. Certain excesses which we daily witness in the world would be impossible were the idea of race not something very real and definite, even though it may be difficult to analyze. Race stands for a complex of qualities, not only physical, but also spiritual and mental — for a certain common way of thinking and feeling.

Now are we to assume, as scientists have hitherto, that this common way of thinking and feeling is the result of physical similarity, and that this physical similarity is to be explained by the theory of heredity? Is not the similarity of physique first and foremost due to a similar way of thinking, to a similar mentality? I leave it to the reader to decide the question for himself, bearing in mind the following historical examples.

How did the Romance races originate? Through Rome's sending its colonists, soldiers, and officials to the countries it subjugated. Is it reasonable to assume that these Roman settlers were in all cases, or even in a majority of cases, more numerous than the natives among whom they took up their abode, and therefore imposed their racial type upon the native population so as utterly to eliminate the racial characteristics of the latter? And did they accomplish this so completely that in spite of hereditary variations, we find an essentially identical Latin population throughout those territories? No. The Roman colonists did not excel in numbers, but they did in culture. The Romance races did not arise through the physical absorption of the native races by the Romans, but through the transformation of the natives by Roman thought. Roman culture and Roman mentality gradually influenced the physique of the population, and caused it to resemble more closely the type of the Roman settler, until finally the two became identified. Naturally intermarriage contributed somewhat to this. Furthermore, during the course of centuries, other nations have left traces of their influence in the regions occupied by a population speaking a Romance language. But the influence of the latter was never deep enough to change the aspect of the race as a whole. For instance, in Spain, after eight centuries of interruption, Latin culture again gained the ascendency over Moorish culture, and the victory of the Latin type of mind insured the victory of the Roman race type. Though the Moor invasion has left its traces upon the Spaniards, it influenced their physique no more than it influenced their language and their customs.

Furthermore, what has become of the German colonists, which from the days of Cæsar kept spreading out to the west and south, and later, likewise, to the north and east? Where do we find to-day a pure German type? In Normandy or Lombardy or South Italy, where they came into contact with Romance tongues and customs, and with a few minor exceptions were

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completely absorbed into the Latin race, or in lands where they came into contact with people of a lower standard of culture, for instance the Slavs? The German race exists only where the German tongue, culture, and mentality prevail. It survives in those places in spite of variations in skull measurements and the color of the hair; and is, indeed, so recognizable that any non-German at once identifies the people as German.

Another interesting example is the Anglo-Saxons. For the most part, it is true, they are of Germanic origin. Yet Germans are wrong in referring to the English as cousins. It is not ancestry which makes the race, but habits of thought and feeling. Just as the English language, in spite of its obvious kinship with German, has gone its own way, so the English people have developed an independent and characteristic race type, distinct from that of other nations of Germanic origin. In fact, this type possesses such vitality that wherever on the surface of the globe Englishmen settle, it persists and subordinates all competing types, no matter how numerous their possessors may be. The Anglo-Saxon race type has developed in America slightly modified, but essentially identical with that of the home land. It has been but slightly influenced by local and climatic differences, and influenced hardly at all by heredity. Everywhere in the mighty melting-pot of the United States, even in those places where originally the people were almost pure German, we find the American way of thinking has produced an essentially Anglo-Saxon-American race type. Whether in the extreme north or in the tropics, wherever the English tongue is spoken, you will find the Anglo-Saxon, and you never find a tendency for the Anglo-Saxon to differentiate into a tropical and an arctic variety.

What we have said of the Anglo-Saxons is true also of the Spanish and the Portuguese. Wherever these Iberian races have made their homes in America, they have remade the race, not through their numerical superiority, but through imposing their speech and ideology upon the natives.

Who has not been struck by the fact that immigrants change not only in their attire and manners, but also in their features, so as to resemble the people among whom they have lived? Who has not observed that this influence is still more obvious in case of their descendants, even though there be no mixing of blood? The children of German parents born in England, for instance, show a strong tendency to resemble the English racial type. In this connection, I might call attention to a work by Professor Boas of New York, published more than ten years ago, which showed by exhaustive statistics that the children of East Jewish and Italian immigrants in America tend to approach in their anatomical characteristics — such as the shape of the skull, color of the hair, and color of the eyes — the average American race type. I recall that a lady returning from Guatemala observed to me that German immigrant ladies in that country grew to resemble more and more the strikingly beautiful Spanish type.

Another illustration is afforded by the Jewish race. Wherever the Jews voluntarily or involuntarily live in separate communities, they form a well-defined type, distinct from the racial type of the surrounding population. To precisely the extent that their habits of thought and feeling are identified with those of the other nations among whom they live, and to the extent to which they surrender their peculiar culture and adopt that of the other nationalities, do they lose their race features.

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The Hungarians are Mongols in an ethnographic sense. But they have become civilized Europeans, and their race type is essentially European. The same is true of the Finns. All the Mahommedan nations bear a physical resemblance to each other, due to their mental relationship. The fact that in every country the characteristic racial type is more distinctly in evidence in the country than in the city, especially large cities, is due first and foremost to the fact that in the country the habits of thought peculiar to the people are better preserved than in the city, where the intellectual horizon is wider, national customs are not closely followed, and cosmopolitan fashions prevail.

Race degeneration is not necessarily due to corruption by lower race elements. So long as mental degeneration does not occur, so long as the race psyche is vigorous, foreign elements are assimilated, and no amount of intermixture will destroy the purity of the race.

Let me add to these facts of experience, to which I have appealed, this much more. First, it is a matter of common observation that husbands and wives in the course of years very frequently come to resemble each other physically, and that the growing harmony in their views and habits of thought expresses itself in their physical features. Another fact which no one will dispute is that the form and expression of a countenance reflect the character and the life history of its possessor. This is something that cannot be explained, except by assuming either that our mental habits are the product of our faces, or that our mental habits stamp themselves upon our faces. A third fact of this kind is the common observation that people engaged in certain vocations, and the members of certain religious sects and social castes, often resemble each other physically to a striking degree. Similar pursuits, calling into play similar thoughts, are recognizable in the features of those who follow them.

The influence of thoughts upon the plastic matter from which human races are created may express itself in two ways. It may change the features of individuals to conform with the mentality of their environment; and it may influence the unborn child by giving it the features already stamped by their thoughts upon the parents.

From what has preceded, I believe I am justified in the conclusion that race is not something fixed and unchangeable, not a rigid barrier between man and man. In the same way that individuals by self-cultivation may raise themselves above other individuals, or by degeneration may permit themselves to fall below the level of their fellows, so races may be in the ascendant or on the decline. Race pride based on mere heredity is therefore an absurdity.

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CARDS AND THE DEVIL

From *The Spectator, April 9*
(British Conservative Weekly)

Whatever the Devil may be in fact, he is an immensely clever and interesting personality in fable. Considering the character which the world has bestowed upon him, it has always surprised the present writer that his 'books' should be—playing-cards. One would think that he must be rather a dull Devil if these are his favorite print. Obviously, literature has a greater appreciation of Satan than Satan has of literature! Yet even a card-hater must admit that the fifty-two books upon which he has put his *imprimatur* have fascinated the world from East to West. Whether the gipsies brought them from India or whether a European invented them to divert a mad king, it is certain that they were no sooner here than they were everywhere. Europe in the fifteenth century was flooded with cards. Edward IV forbade their importation as against the interest of home manufacturers.

The earliest known packs were marked with hearts, bells, leaves, and acorns, the next in antiquity with swords, batons, cups, and money. Later on the publishers reverted to the first edition, yet the 'money' mark is universally kept in remembrance, and the 'cup' has not been forgotten. Indeed, the card-haters of the world are sometimes tempted to think that the Devil has been put to a shift to make his 'books' popular and has given drinks and pennies in with the pack. All through history law-makers and moralists have declared the game of sufficient amusement in itself and done their best to persuade men not to bet upon it, but they have never succeeded.

A Duke of Savoy in the fifteenth century introduced the modern legislation of the school room and set the fashion of playing for sweets. He made it illegal for men to play for anything but 'meat and drink,' but allowed women to play for 'pins.' This distinction between the sexes makes one think. Obviously, he felt that to expect them to play for nothing at all was asking too much. Yet other games seem, or seemed until lately, able to stand upon their merits. In one of the Paston Letters dated 1448 we learn that households in mourning were allowed by custom to play cards while prohibited from enjoying music and outdoor games; so much indulgence was, we suppose, permitted in order to keep them quiet; and doubtless there was no money on the game or drinking with it, otherwise it would have failed of its purpose.

Very unexpected people have been devoted to card-playing. Mary Tudor played regularly for money, and the Scottish kings were fond of it. James V was advised by his tutor to play only with his relations, as it was against his dignity to win and lose from his subjects. If he felt he must play with those beneath him, he was to give his winnings to his attendants. No one seems to have expected him to play for love. Columbus and his soldiers played on their voyages, no doubt for booty coming home and for promises going out. Montezuma evinced immense interest in the game apparently for its own sake.

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He studied the 'books' without any persuasion.

Seriously, we believe that, in spite of the success which the game of cards has had with mankind, there have always been a proportion of people who could not play and who had therefore, as the present writer has, a certain rather mean animus against it. We believe that half the moralists who have made such a to-do about gambling were more influenced by this prejudice than they would admit or than they knew themselves.

Take the words of the Elizabethan lawyer Stubbs on the subject, than whom no one could write more sensibly or with a greater desire to be just. He thinks cards may blamelessly be played 'with intermission' and so long as no 'smothe, decietful, and slighty theft' be practised by the players. 'With intermission'! How the man gives himself away! How terribly he has been bored before ever he wrote those words! How he had longed for the end of the game and longed for some talk or some gossip! How suspicious his irritation made him! We can imagine the scene. He would be playing with strangers at an inn.

'Why did you not play such-and-such a card when you knew that I held such-and-such another?' Now no person, however intelligent, who is born without the card-mind ever quite knows how born card-players obtain those pieces of information. In civilized society no one cheats nowadays. We know that our partner or our opponent have come rightly by their knowledge, and we have even had it explained to us how they did come by it. All the same, we have never quite grasped how the really talented player draws his apparently magical deductions. We can imagine the Elizabethan in a like position. He, moreover, could not feel so sure of his fellow players. However plausible their words, he could not dismiss the possibility of something 'slightly' about the matter. Probably he paid his losses with a bad grace and thanked the Lord for an 'intermission' in a weary entertainment.

Even in the reign of Charles II, when everyone played cards, and £2000, according to Evelyn, might often be seen upon the Royal gaming-tables, some persons whom fashion and politeness obliged to play the game were bored by it. Oddly enough, it was at this frivolous time that an effort, never since repeated, was made to combine card-playing with instruction. Packs existed, indeed, in which moral remarks were printed among the card-pips. Information concerning astronomy was given in some instances, and 'the art of carving' was taught. These culinary cards were described as 'The Genteel Housekeepers' Pastime,' and must for bad players have whiled away many a dull rubber.

Right political and religious views were also inculcated upon the cards. We hear of a pack each picture-card of which commemorates and condemns a Popish Plot. One picture represents the Pope sitting with three Cardinals at a table under which reposes the Devil. Think of the interesting conversations, the arguments and witticisms to which such cards as these must have given rise! All the stupid people who could never learn more than 'the rules' of any game getting a chance to distinguish themselves and 'set down' the men with whom those rules are but the alphabet. What 'intermissions' those must have been!

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MAURICE RAVEL'S MUSIC

BY R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

[*Mr. Williams is one of the younger representatives of modernism in British music whose works have begun to be heard in this country.*]

From *The Daily Telegraph, April 9*
[INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY]

WHENEVER a new composer appears on the scene who has anything individual to say, there is to be found in his work beauty mixed with 'some strangeness,' and the world of his hearers is divided into those who cannot see the beauty for the strangeness and those to whom the very strangeness is in itself a vehicle of pleasure and excitement. In other words, there are those who think that nothing new can be beautiful, and those who think that what is new must be excellent because it is new.

Now the real test of a composer comes when this strangeness has worn off. If the strangeness, at first, repels — will beauty shine through the unaccustomed mask when that mask dissolves into features that we can recognize? If it is the strangeness that attracts, will there be any attraction left when the strangeness ceases to be strange? This is the stage which Maurice Ravel has now reached. He is already a classic; he has even been played at the 'classical concerts'; therefore we must be prepared to place him, either in Paradise with Beethoven or in Limbo with Spohr. Ravel is no longer a 'new' composer; any student can nowadays turn out sham Ravel by the yard — indeed, the harmonies which ten years ago we found so startling sound now, when used by a bungler, as stale as the 'diminished seventh' or the 'Wagner sixth.'

'But,' some one will say, 'I did not know there was a "Ravel" style; is he not of the school of Debussy?' One might as well ask whether Bach was of the school of Handel, or Schumann of the school of Mendelssohn. It often happens that a combination of time, place, and circumstance produces similar trains of thought in two outstanding composers at the same time. Musical history is full of these pairs of names; Palestrina and Lassus, for example, Handel and Bach, Mozart and Haydn; so it is with Debussy and Ravel; they are the two great representatives of a certain period of musical thought, but neither has borrowed anything from the other.

We find in them, it is true, certain common ideals and methods; the revolt, for instance, against the turgid romanticism of the mid-nineteenth century and the substitution for it of a clean-cut classicism in which every detail stands out like a jewel in a perfect setting.

This is not the art of broad spaces and heroic sentiments; it requires, not the broad brush, but the delicate pencil, and postulates an exquisite sensibility to the minutiæ of musical sound. All this, indeed, Debussy and Ravel have in common, but here all similarity ends. Debussy was content to be sensitive, exquisite, and occasionally sentimental.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SHAW AND SHAKESPEARE IN PARIS

PARIS now has a chance to decide for itself whether Mr. Bernard Shaw really does write better plays than Shakespeare, as Mr. Shaw himself blithely informed the world several years ago. Mr. James K. Hackett is about to add his *Macbeth* to the numerous Shakespearean productions which have been drawing large audiences at various Paris theatres, while the most popular farce of the moment is *Le Héros et le Soldat* — a title under which English and American readers may have some difficulty in recognizing *Arms and the Man*.

The success of this comedy in Paris is due to its direct appeal to the French sense of humor. The sympathy of the audience is with Bluntschli, the Swiss hero, who was regarded in England as 'impossible' when the play first appeared, but who in Paris is now thought to be like the soldiers of the Great War — shrewd, practical, resourceful, and not at all given to attitudes.

Of late years Mr. Shaw and his more famous rivals have had about equal honors in the Parisian stage, although Mr. Shaw's successes there have not been so great as in other parts of the Continent. *Le Héros et le Soldat*, produced at the Comédie-Montaigne is not the first of his plays to appear in Paris. When M. Rouché, now at the Opéra, managed the Théâtre des Arts, *Candida*, *La Profession de Madame Warren*, and *On Ne Peut Jamais Dire* were presented — all adapted by the distinguished economist, M. August Hamon, who does not otherwise concern himself with literature, but who has translated sixteen Shaw plays and written a bulky volume of criticism upon him.

One reason why Mr. Shaw's plays have not been seen oftener in Paris is that the wit and the brilliance of their dialogue, which give them a place apart in the English theatre, do not greatly distinguish them in France, where these qualities are at the command of almost every competent playwright. It is the Germans who have given Mr. Shaw some of his finest Continental productions, nor have they been behind the French in their appreciation of Shakespeare.

Several Shakespearean plays, as well as Sir James Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton*, have lately been played in French; but Mr. James K. Hackett has been officially invited to produce *Macbeth* in English, either at the Opéra or L'Odéon, both theatres, of course, being subsidized by the Republic. Macready, Keen, Kemble, and Garrick all tried to play Shakespeare in Paris, most of them with more social than dramatic success. Kean and Kemble were much banqueted and Talma presented a gold snuff-box to Kean.

French playgoers, perhaps the most keenly critical and intellectual audiences in the world, have been trained in their youth on the classical tradition of Racine and Corneille. Shakespeare fills them with admiration, amazement, and horror in about equal proportions, for there is too much promiscuous slaughter in all Elizabethan drama to suit French tastes.

In 1817 Parisian audiences were edified by a production of 'The Visions of Macbeth, or the Scottish Witches; grand, spectacular melodrama; ample magic; witches rising perpendicularly by the side of a tall pine tree, their feet resting only on the wings of a vulture,

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a production which divided the applause of the populace with 'Hamlet: tragic pantomime in three acts, embellished with dances.'

A subsequent production of *Macbeth* is said to have been hissed on the somewhat erroneous ground that William Shakespeare had been an aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington! But doubtless Mr. Hackett's presentation of the tragedy will be more fortunate.

✽

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUBLISHER

Adam and Eve and Pinch Me is the title of a — no doubt excellent — volume by Mr. A. E. Coppard, which is, however, quite as remarkable for the circumstances of its publication as for its literary qualities. The book is the first to be issued by the Golden Cockerel Press, a coöperative society, the members of which propose to print and publish their own books. There is to be no paid labor, and all of the work is to be done in their own 'communal workshop.' Under this system it is thought that a larger share in the profits will accrue to the author than is possible when books are issued in the ordinary way. The first edition consists of but 550 copies, bound in golden boards and with the cockerel prominent on the title-page.

There are twelve tales in the collection, all of them showing Celtic characteristics, though not all on Irish subjects, and all with a mingling of imagination and poetic imagery, yet with a realism in detail which verges on the matter-of-fact. Sometimes the stories are told by the author in his own person, sometimes by tramps and vagabonds. Sometimes they leave the reader feeling he has been listening to truth — but not sober truth — and sometimes with the suspicion that it is all lying — but glorious lying.

One of the best tales is 'The Angel and the Sweep,' told by one Jerry Ogwin 'who could tell the neatest tales and sing the littlest songs.' It concerns Jerry's discovery of a dead lady 'with fine long hair, black as a cat's back and long as the tail of a horse. And in it there was a red rose, and in one of her hands she was holding a white lily.'

Some of the tales are sad, and some of them are merry. But they all succeed in creating an atmosphere of beauty.

✽

A WAR MEMORIAL IN RUPERT BROOKE'S GRANTCHESTER

A SIMPLE cross of stone, almost austere in design, on which two lines from his poem, 'Old Vicarage, Grantchester,' are carved, is his village's memorial to its dead poet, Rupert Brooke. Not to him only, but to all the men of the little hamlet who died in the War. The poet's name, without an indication of his military rank or academic honors, appears among the village's seventeen dead simply as Rupert Brooke, between the names of Walter Bolton and Alfred Cutter, two villagers.

The inscription reads: 'To the glory of God and in loving and grateful memory, 1914–1918. "Men with Splendid Hearts."' That is all.

The quotation is taken from the lines: —

> For England's the one land, I know,
> Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;
> And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
> The Shire for Men who Understand;
> And of that district I prefer
> The lovely hamlet Grantchester.

Rupert Brooke's body still lies in its war grave, near Lemnos. He died at Scyros, in the Ægean, in 1915, while on his way to the Dardanelles with the Royal Naval Division.

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ARCHÆOLOGICAL 'FINDS'

Two important archæological discoveries have recently been made on the Continent, one relating to the Mithraic mysteries, the religious cult which during the first four centuries after Christ was the chief rival of Christianity in all parts of the ancient world. While working on the foundations of a ruined house at Arlon, Belgium, workmen uncovered vast bas-reliefs, representing a huge figure followed by a dog and carrying a bull on his shoulders, and a sacrificial scene. The other discovery was at Tronœn in Brittany, where M. du Chatellier, a Breton archæologist, discovered a tumulus in which were some charming models in white-clay pottery, including busts, dolls, and animals. M. Paul Gruyer believes these figures to be the work of ancient Gallic artists, who were developing models introduced by the Romans.

Workmen digging ground to plant potatoes at Seaton Down, Devonshire, discovered a quantity of loose stones, and on digging further to remove them, came upon a tesselated pavement with a pattern in red, white, and blue stones. They found walls still standing in one corner of the pavement, and roof slates and tiling in scattered fragments. The cement in which the stones were laid has vanished, and many of the colored stones themselves have disintegrated. The discovery was made at a point about a hundred yards distant from the 'site of Roman Villa' marked on the ordnance maps.

Other workmen, engaged in widening a road near Eastbourne, have excavated several skeletons, evidently many centuries old. They are believed to be the bones of soldiers killed in engagements between the Saxons and Normans, but the identification could not be positive, since the only weapon found was a badly rusted iron dagger.

NEW PORTRAITS OF KEATS AND COLERIDGE

A NEW portrait of Keats has turned up in Monmouthshire, among the effects of a friend of Trelawny, to whom it originally belonged. Mr. W. H. Davies, the poet, declares the new picture, which is a pen-and-ink drawing, to be of surpassing beauty, though it does not altogether resemble other portraits. Since the water-mark on the paper is dated 1829, eight years after Keats's death, the drawing must be either a copy of another or else a remembered impression.

A picture not definitely identified, but believed to be a portrait of Coleridge in his old age, has recently been placed in Christ's Church, Sussex. If it is indeed a portrait, it must be something of an idealization, for it shows an extraordinarily bright and unwrinkled face, with round red cheeks, calm eyes, and gleaming silver hair. There is no suggestion of the seamed pallid forehead and the opium weariness characteristic of Coleridge's later years.

✽

'LES MISÉRABLES' DRAMATIZED

A DRAMATIC version of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* has been placed in the regular repertoire of L'Odéon. Naturally, a good deal of alteration in the story was necessary before it could be made ready for the stage. The new play ends with the arrival of Jean Valjean at the convent of Petit Picpus, flying from the police officer, Javert. Some characters have been dropped out entirely, among them Gavroche, whose absence has been something of a disappointment to many of Hugo's admirers.

It is said that a stage version exists which actually includes all of the episodes of the novel, but it is, of course,

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quite impractical for dramatic purposes. The condensation incident to adaptation for the stage is not quite fair to an author so discursive as Victor Hugo, who builds with opulent inventiveness and in ample style, on a very large scale; but there seem to be enough of his admirers who want to see his story acted, to promise the piece fair success.

✤

ANOTHER ARTISTIC PRODIGY

Misses Daisy Ashford and Hilda Conkling — novelist and poet respectively at sufficiently tender ages — have found an artistic rival in the English boy prodigy, Master Stephen Tennant, fourteen years of age, who is exhibiting a collection of forty-five of his drawings in the Dorian Leigh Galleries, London. Although the drawings are naturally rather derivative and sometimes almost imitations of the pictures that the youthful artist has seen, there are extraordinary spots. The lad's line work is at times uncannily clever, and there is an air of complete sophistication about most of the pictures which is said (by those very gentlemen) to strike terror to the souls of the middle-aged British art critics who have reviewed the exhibition.

Although the juvenile artist's own portrait displays him fishing-rod in hand and apparently about to embark upon a fairly normal day's sport, he contrives to mingle the styles of Aubrey Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Dulac, and *Au Bon Ton* with an occasional reminiscence of *Harper's Bazaar!* The result has a certain interest, but scarcely suggests the fancy of a child.

'ZYXT,' THE LAST WORD IN THE DICTIONARY

'Zyxt' will be the last word in the New English Dictionary, the monumental ten-volume work which is being carried to completion by the Oxford University Press. 'Zyxt' is an English dialect form, meaning 'thou seest.'

The completion of the last volume does not mean that the dictionary is finished, for work is still proceeding on the volumes dealing with the letters U and W. It is now expected that by 1923 the gigantic task, undertaken by the Clarendon Press in 1878, will be wholly finished.

Sir James Murray, then a young schoolmaster, was originally approached by the American publisher, Harper, with the suggestion that he should prepare a dictionary which would rival that of Webster. Sir James consulted with Dr. Furnival, of the Philological Society, who already had projected a dictionary which was languishing for a publisher. Harper demurred at the proposed length of the dictionary — three volumes. In 1878 the Oxford delegates agreed to take the work off the hands of the Philological Society, and publish it under the editorship of Sir James.

The vicissitudes of the dictionary would make a volume as interesting as any biography. A few years ago it came to public attention when it was learned that Sir James Murray had found one of his most learned and useful corresponding collaborators in an asylum for the criminal insane.

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APRIL SONG

BY PERCY HASELDEN

[*The London Times*]

Lads and lasses, list awhile
  Unto this my song O!
Youth soon runs his pleasant mile,
  Dreams don't tarry long O!

Lads and lasses, April lingers,
  All too soon will Autumn claim us,
And shrill Winter's crooked fingers
  Tear our garlands off and shame us.

Lads and lasses, heed my singing,
  Haste to love lest sorrow
Set another tune a-ringing
  Down the woods to-morrow.

HERB PETER

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

[*The New Witness*]

Beyond the sunset realms of red,
Where through the sinking sun is sped,
There stand, in flowery fields, the gates
Of Heaven; here good Peter waits.

And eager spirits climbing come
To Heaven as eagerly as home;
And smiling Peter lets them past
With 'Don't push there!' and 'Not so fast!'

And 'Gently, gently!' For they crowd
With jostling joy and laughter loud;
But once, when welcoming a band,
His bunch of keys slipped from his hand.

Annoyed, he watched them falling through
Realm after realm of deepening blue;
Past many a satellite that spun
Half lit, and many a glowing sun.

Lower it fell and fell, until
It struck this earth and there lay still;
'At last,' he said, 'On Earth too, well,
I'll send down Angel Gabriel.'

So Gabriel on pinions soft
Brought back the golden bunch aloft;
And left where it had lain, instead,
The first gold cowslip's hanging head.

SANCTUARY

BY L. M. PRIEST

[*The Venturer*]

Tho' all the world be full of tumult, thou
  With peace be filled.
Be thou the last dim shadowed sanctuary
  Where sound is stilled.
Be thou the little pool of silvery quiet,
  Star-witched and lonely,
Where the blue silent pines lean softly over;
  Be thou the only
Peace of my outlawed spirit from the harsh
  Fierce-clangored world,
Where quiet dreams and gray of quiet sleep
  Are dimly furled.
Be lost to all save trees, and winging birds,
  And one shy fawn,
Brown-eyed, that watches at thy sleeping brim
  Before the dawn.
Let thy unrippling surface only know
  The changing hours,
Pine-sheltered; pale slow dawns; still noons; and dusks'
  Pale-petaled flowers,
The soundless stars. O hither let no voice
  Of storm intrude;
Remember one who dreams of thee and craves
  Thy quietude.

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Edited by his son, HENRY JAMES

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